

THE LIVING AGE.

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THE PRINCE AND THE PYRAMID.

A Poem composed upon reading in the *Times* (a daily newspaper), dated Monday, the 17th of March, 1862, a description of the Prince of Wales' Egyptian Tour.

BY MARTYR FAKEER CUTTER.

Now Sol from yonder gray horizon winks,
And Albert Edward rises near the Sphinx,
He leaves the tent the Pasha's care had raised,
And looks upon the desert quite amazed,
Gaze on, brave Prince, the thought must surely
strike

That in your country there is nothing like
Unto that Pyramid whose curious pile
Has stood so many years beside the Nile,
Or like the sand that makes the thought occur,
How fast our sands of life are fleeing, Sir.

You are now far from Windsor's hoary towers,
Saint James's brick, and Osborne's beauteous
bowers,

And on your mind must come this feeling high,
That land and sea 'twixt you and England lie.
And yet what is it practically, sire?
(I should say, Sir) with that electric wire?
O, when the Pharaohs swayed this region fine;
Or Cleopatra dropped that fishing line;
Or the young Memnon by Achilles' hands
Fell, though his bust in the Museum stands;
Or when Amenophis, the fierce and brave,
With all his chariots sank beneath the wave,
(Here let me scorn the *Essays and Reviews*,
That seek to steal that victory from the Jews).
Or when in later times stern Mehemet
Slaughtered the Mamelukes, ungrateful set,
There was small thought, O Prince of England,
then,

That lightning e'er should write with iron pen.
'Tis sweet to think that standing on these sands
You can send messages to distant lands;
And while they go can muse on Shakspeare's plan,
And say, "Oh what a piece of work is man!"

But up, young Prince, before the hour is late,
Behold yon string of dromedaries wait,
The matutinal meal discussed and done,
Now for the Pyramid, and meet the Sun.
How many suns have shone since that was built,
And shone, alas, on many scenes of guilt.
We reach the base; ascend as well you may,
That corner's broken stones present the way.
For youth like yours exertion hath its charms,
And you repulse those Arabs' dingy arms,
You climb alone, and swift the height you gain!
Your panting suite toil after you in vain;
And now upon the apex, sir, you stand,
And rapidly survey old Egypt's land:
Yonder is Cairo, as you may suppose,
And at your feet the Nilus River flows.
No English heir-apparent to the crown
Ever before upon that scene looked down.
Omens are heathen things, but oh, permit
A thought from poet-lip not all unfit.
Even as the platform on that mighty block
Rests on a basis firm as any rock,
So may the throne of England long endure,
Built on foundations solid and secure.

Come back, my muse, and wear a sober brow,
That dazzling flight of Fancy's over now.

Paid is the visit. On yon loftiest stone
Names are cut deep—our Prince has cut his own,

Or modestly (lest he might seem to claim
What's Abbas Pasha's, by his full-writ name)
Cuts his initials—Vowels—then descends
Accompanied by his respectful friends.
And so to Cairo. On his princely way
What thoughts arose 'tis not for me to say,
But for myself, delighted and amused,
The story of his journey I perused,
Cried, "Might I join his party—would I could!
A proverb now and then might do him good."
But circumstance o'er which I've no control
Prohibits what I wish with all my soul,
(Not that I'd seek, of course, with envious teeth
To tear a leaf from Canon Stanley's wreath),
"No," I exclaimed, "but I shall do no wrong
If I embalm the tale in deathless song,
And 'neath a Prince's Vowels bid folks see
A Poet's Consonants, his M. F. C."

NOTES.

Line 1. *Now Sol*. The Latin word for the Sun. *Luna* is Latin for the Moon. Consult Ainsworth, Littleton, and Smith.

Line 4. *Quite amazed*. I hasten to disavow the slightest idea of implying that the Prince's amazement was undignified, but I believe that no person, however well educated and prepared by reading and reflection for beholding a new scene, can gaze upon it for the first time without sensations of a novel character.

Line 12. *Beauteous bowers*. I have not had the advantage of examining the locality, but from the good taste of the royal family, and the scenery of the Isle of Wight, I am justified in the use of the phrase.

Line 18. *That fishing line*. The angling contest between Antony and Cleopatra, and the diverting stratagem by which the Roman hero was made ridiculous, are fully described in Rollins' *Ancient History*.

Line 23. *Essays and Reviews*. At the same time I am far from asserting that it is impossible that some of the authors should not be unimpaired with convictions that they are not unjustified.

Line 33. *Before the Hour*. It would be much to my regret were this passage supposed to impute indolence to the Prince, whose activity is as proverbial as my philosophy.

Line 44. *After you in vain*. I mean no disrespect to the physical capabilities of the gentlemen in attendance, but it is reasonable that they should be outstripped by a young man. Indeed, the line is a compliment, as recognizing their being grave and reverend seniors.

Line 51. *Oh, permit*. If I have ventured too high into the realms of fancy, the generous reader will remember that the Pyramid is one of the very highest edifices in the world, and will allow for the excitement of imaginary exaltation.

Line 60. *Has cut his own*. This passage has given me much uneasiness. I have no knowledge that the Prince did anything of the kind. Yet several persons of my acquaintance, and of a princely character, have done it. The verse shall stand. If the statement be erroneous, it can do little harm, and if not, in a few years the circumstance will be forgotten, as when the loose stones on the top of the Pyramid are covered with inscriptions, the Arabs turn them over to offer a tablet for new arrivals, thus leaving no stone unturned to obtain *backsheesh*.—Punch.

From The Dublin University Magazine.

FORGOTTEN NOVELS.

PART II.*

OUR object in reviving the memory of those works of imagination that were popular in the couple of generations preceding our own, was explained in the introduction to the former part of this paper. The order in which we take up the subjects is determined for the most part by the dates of the different works noticed, except when a work turns up that was accidentally left out. It will be seen that the earlier novels and romances consisted chiefly of unconnected adventures, as the first one on our present list. Then by degrees more care was taken with the development of character and the careful construction of what the French denominate the *charpente*—the framework. The author of "Ivanhoe" set the world agog on the subject of historic romance, and we were stuffed with all sorts of dry information as to how herrings were sold per dozen in any given reign, and the exact fashion of the doublets, ruffs, russet boots, etc., that disguised dead and gone personages of fame.

Such was the impatience with which continental readers were devoured when a new production of the author of "Waverley" was expected, that on one occasion, when it was feared no fresh romance would be in time to be translated for the Leipzig Fair, Herr Haro Hæring, who masqueraded under the name of Willibald Alexis, wrote out, in an amazingly short time, "Walladmoir, a Welsh Romance," and published it as a translation from Sir Walter Scott. The deception extended even to England, where an English version of the German version of Scott's supposed English was published, but never had the trouble of preparing itself for a second edition. Monsieur Lacroix (Bibliophile Jacob) wrote his "Soirées with Walter Scott," but was easily detected by his overstepping those bounds established by modesty and respect for religion, beyond which the author of "Waverley" had no desire to pass.

One of the best of these pseudo versions from Scott was "Aymé Verd," the author of which is unknown to us by name. The scene of the story is the south-east of France, and the time the era of the Reformation.

* The former part was printed in No. 935 of the *Living Age*

There is no scruple about exhibiting the workings of the most violent passions (no immoralities, however, described or implied), and the balance is very fairly kept between the Roman Catholics and the Reformed party. There is a most affecting episode of the fate of a poor bookseller who has become an itinerant preacher, and is working out his purpose with abundant zeal, but little discretion. The writer was probably a Roman Catholic; but his picture of the sufferings of the poor enthusiast, and his wretched wife and children, inflicted by an embittered man of power of the opposing party, is most affecting. The antiquarian and social pictures are as true as those of German Hæring or Danish Ingeman, and the story nearly as interesting as "Old Mortality."

So many pictures of past times were poured upon the world, painted on hard wood and cast iron, with colors compounded of saw and brick dust, lampblack and verdigris, that at last the hand of the frequenter of a circulating library would shrink from the bare touch of one of the daubs. The author of the "Constable of the Tower" is the only one whose resolution has not given way before the openly expressed wishes of his patrons. He gives an airing still to certain lay figures, whom he is pleased to nickname Bluff King Hal, Queen Catharine Parr, and the Protector Somerset, and dresses them in as exact conformity to the costume of the sixteenth century, as if the late Madame Tussaud had been the artist.

These imitators of the inimitable centred the entire interest of their stories on a historic name or event; not remarking that some imaginary character in every one of the "Waverley" novels occupied the reader's chief sympathy. Foreign romancers sinned even more in this respect than our own English-speaking Celts and Saxons. Ingeman, a most painstaking Dane in the historic romance line, not only wrote according to this system, but even took great pains to defend the propriety of the proceeding. The author of "Walladmoir" adopted Mr. Ingeman's principles, and wrote in accordance therewith "The Burgomaster of Berlin," "Cabanis, a Tale of the Seven Years' War," and other dry crusts of history rubbed over with treacle. Nothing can be more satisfactory to the antiquary of the archæologist, than his minute pictures of the social

state of old Germany in woodland, schloss, and burgh, and the relations, antagonistic or friendly, in which the nobles, burghers, and peasants, stood to each other. Jonathan Oldbuck would treasure the "Burgomaster" for its antiquarian details; but the number of genuine Oldbucks is small, and these art-productions of the hard-wood and cast-iron type are now covered with dust, and no mere lover of novelty lets his eye rest on them for a moment.

Some fault was found with our former article for the omission of the "Spiritual Quixote" and its author. We are glad of an opportunity to repair our fault.

This novel was published in the year 1773. Its object was to excite contempt for the practices of the Methodist Preachers and their chief, Mr. Whitfield, and to show that there was no necessity for their forming a sect apart, as all the good arising from their zeal for the salvation of their fellow-creatures was procurable within the pale of the Establishment. A common practice with writers of controversial novels is to represent the professors of the belief or practice attacked as vicious or unworthy characters or hypocrites. The Rev. Richard Graves does nothing of the kind. He honors the unselfish zeal of Messrs. Wesley and Whitfield; and the hero who, unlicensed, spends his summer in a preaching excursion, is an accomplished, learned, and amiable character. The polemical matter occupies but a small portion of the work. Mr. Wildgoose, at the end, is undeceived as to his non-vocation with little difficulty—Miss Townsend, who is insensible to the merits of the new light, having something to do with his change.

The readers of "Don Quixote" find their attention much more occupied with the humors of the various personages, the succession of diverting adventures, and the amiable traits of the hero's character, than with the absurdities of his monomania. The same may be said of the book under notice. One ludicrous or interesting adventure treads on the heels of another, and many real occurrences of the time are brought forward in episodes. The book furnishes a striking illustration of the disparity of taste of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Expressions, which would now be scarcely tolerated by the readers of *Reynolds' Miscellany*, were used by the well-meaning and

reverend author without the slightest suspicion of anything incorrect in his proceedings. Admirers of Greek sculpture will recollect an epithet applied to a certain graceful statue, and admirers of the brave old Puritan divine, Baxter, have heard of the strange title attached to one of his books. The key-note in these two names is heard a score of times through the "Adventures of Mr. Wildgoose."

The author was born at Mickleton, in Gloucestershire, May 4, 1715. At sixteen years of age he enjoyed the rank of scholar in Pembroke College, Oxford. About this time he formed an acquaintance with Shenstone, and a kindly intercourse continued between them till the death of the poet. His obtaining a curacy near Oxford, his marriage with an amiable young lady at whose father's house he lodged, and other circumstances of his life, are supposed to be shadowed forth in the history of Mr. Rivers in the work under notice.

Somewhere about 1750 he became rector of Claverton, and in 1768 he published the first of a score of works, including "Passages in the Life of Shenstone," and translations. In his various pieces he succeeded in imparting information and affording harmless amusement. He was distinguished by amiable manners and benevolence of character, and lived to the advanced age of ninety.

As a specimen of the author's agreeable style, we shall introduce Jeremiah Tugwell, an honest cobbler, whom Mr. Wildgoose takes with him by way of humble brother, when he sets forth on his preaching excursion.

"Jeremiah Tugwell, then, or Tagwell, or Tackwell (for learning having been at a low ebb in the family, the orthography is somewhat dubious)—nay, a conceited fellow in the village who pretended to etymology, said it ought to have been written Tugwool, and that 'wool' was put for 'sheep,' and sheep for 'mutton' by a synecdoche; so that the true meaning of the name, according to his counsel, was 'Tugmutton.' But I value at a nutshell these etymologies, which endeavor to elicit a significant meaning from every family name, the originals of which are infinitely uncertain. . . .

"Jerry was fond of books, but as he did not trouble himself with the niceties of chronology or geography, he particularly affected the 'Seven Champions of Christen-

dom,' who are said by the historian to have sprung up soon after the destruction of Troy—that is, some thousand years before Christ was born, and one of them to have ridden on horseback from Sicily through Cappadocia, Tartary, the Isle of Cyprus, etc., the direct road to Jerusalem."

Mr. Wildgoose choosing to appear without the universal wig of his time, Miss Townsend finds occasion to tax him with singularity.

"'Lord, Mr. Wildgoose!' says she, 'what makes you go about in that frightful hair of yours? I wonder you do not wear a wig as other gentlemen do.' 'Pray, madam, why don't you like my hair?' 'Oh, frightful!' says she; 'tis so ungenteel—so unlike other people.' 'I would choose to be unlike a great part of the world in their vain fashions and idle customs; but I am sorry that anything should be thought ungenteel that is natural, convenient, and, I think becoming. If you don't think so, young lady, I am afraid it is owing to mere prejudice and force of custom.' 'Custom!' says Miss Townsend; 'why custom or fashion is everything in regard to dress.' 'I dare say it is custom that makes you think this great hoop of yours very genteel and very becoming; and yet in the opinion of many people of the best taste nothing can be more monstrous or more unnatural than hoop-petticoats are; and I dare say we shall live to see these Gothic ornaments banished from the world.' 'What! hoops go out of fashion. Lord, what a creature should I be without my hoop!'"

Mr. Wildgoose, following Mr. Whitfield's style, abuses such expressions as "carrying lambs in his bosom," "he shall embrace them," "streams of joy," "feasts of fat things," "milk, honey, marrow, and fatness," "hidden treasures, gold, silver, and jewels, kingdoms, crowns, and sceptres," for the sake of drawing over the lewd, the luxurious, and the covetous. This is the general result.

"By this soothing eloquence, and the earnestness of his manner, Wildgoose softened those hearts which for some years had resisted the admonitions of friends and the suggestions of conscience, and made many

* This was written in 1773. A few years afterwards the ladies discarded the nuisance. If women were always under the influence of good taste in the article of dress, men would be too much their slaves. So hoops, gigot-sleeves, têtes, very large and very small bonnets, though evils in themselves, stand in the way of the much greater evil above named.

converts to religion—at least he made them so as long as the brightness of those similes continued to glow in their imaginations. But their affections only being moved, and their understandings not being enlightened, nor their reason convinced, too many of them relapsed into their former dissolute courses."

To our youngsters who have no experience except of the sensation fictions of Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the perusal of "The Spiritual Quixote" would be like a tumbler of water-gruel after a glass of champagne. The framework of the story is nothing but a series of travelling adventures in the style of Don Quixote, Sir Launcelot Greaves, and Joseph Andrews, intermixed with a thousand and one autobiographies of the characters met on the way. Any episode in which Sancho Panza falls out with a carrier, and they resort to fisticuffs, and draw the Don, one or two gentlemen lookers-on, and a pair of troopers of the holy brotherhood into the *mêlée*, and a sudden noise stops the hands of all the combatants, will give a good idea of the unconnected materials of the work. There is a glaring copy of the story of Ruth, and of Thompson's "Lovely Young Lavinia," towards the end of the book. Let no paterfamilias purchase a chance copy (the last edition, as we believe, being Walker's 24mo., 1816), for the purpose of reading it aloud to his young sons and daughters: he would soon be obliged to make pauses very causative of ear-cocking on the part of Master Jack and Miss Jean. Notwithstanding the book is an excellent book, and presents many happy magic-lantern scenes of English society a hundred years past.

At stated periods all the world combines against the comfort or good name of some devoted individual, or he is fully persuaded of the fact, which comes exactly to the same thing. Sir Egerton Brydges thus prefaces the second volume of "Arthur Fitz Albini."

"On the evening of the 23d of December, 1797, the writer of these memoirs sits down to commence his second volume. . . . His whole life has been for the most part nothing but a series of disappointments. . . . But he must be forgiven for being proud in his own defence—a pride which envy, malignity, intrigue, oppression, and perfidy will never shake.

"It is with a calm courage, with a degree

of bold indifference, like that which accompanies despair, that he assumes his pen . . . for the opportunity of discharging his mind of some of those reflections which perpetual observation and bitter experience have taught him. . . .

"Far indeed is the author of these pages from such expectations (literary celebrity, to wit). With no talents for popularity, with no manners of general conciliation, with no pliancy to the affectations of fashion, with no submission in sentiment to the cant of the day, how can he expect applause? . . . He had ambition once; and he may have it again if he sees there is room for the occupations which he loves. But to those who cannot join the clamors of faction it seems a period little consonant to a manly spirit.

"Too proud to solicit a seat as the dependent of ministers or great men,—too poor to carry on expensive and uncertain contests against Indian extortion or the usurious plenty of loan-contracting bankers, he sees the most stupid, the most ignorant, and the most profligate of mankind, who can bribe thousands of drunken voters, and pay without ruin the prodigality and fraudulent charges of tavern-keepers and interested agents, step over his head with brutal insolence, while he is left in the shades of a silent retreat to sooth his indignation by the flashes of imagery and sentiment that now and then break in upon its darkness."

After a glance at the conduct of the story, the reader is permitted to use his own judgment on the subject of Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges' qualifications for the composition of a good novel.

The hero, a sensitive and talented young nobleman, wishes to get into Parliament, but the estate is deeply mortgaged, and his father cannot yield to his wishes. However, he does not explain the wherefore, and the chagrined young gentleman can only console himself by a solitary ramble among his paternal woods, and the composition of a sonnet. His father recommends an alliance matrimonial with a certain Miss Packman, as rich as a Jew, but he inclines to the gentle-blooded but very poor Miss St. Leger. A wicked aunt of hers most unaccountably sets her chair next his at table, raises jealousy and wrath against her and him in the minds of Miss Packman and her father, and worries her into consumption with ill-usage. Arthur loses father and mother on one day—is almost bereft of reason—recovers it by a solitary walk and the composition of a

poem—is again driven into despair by suspicions of Miss St. Leger's falsehood, while she, by means of a family pedigree, is securing an estate for him and herself. While seeking relief by a wooded walk and a new sonnet, he comes to the knowledge of her loyalty on reading clandestinely a letter not intended for his eye. She is sinking in rapid consumption through his suspicions, her aunt's bad treatment, and her own researches through legal documents, when—*Io triumphe!* all is won, estate cleared of debt, and a happy married life is before them. On the wedding-day diabolical aunt rushes in and assails her with such a virulent torrent of abuse, that the checked demon of consumption resumes his gallop; she is done to death, and he loses his reason.

The moral of the tale is—there is no virtue extant except amongst the titled of the land; all merchants, government contractors, and Indian nabobs, and selfish ill-bred rogues, and all lawyers unmitigated scoundrels. Add Sir Egerton Brydges' and Charles Dickens' systems as to the comparative worth of the upper and lower classes, and divide the result by two for an approximation to the truth. In justice to the memory of the noble author, a specimen of his poetry is subjoined. Miss St. Leger *cecinit*.

"Ye who beneath these mouldering heaps have found

Rest from the sorrows of humanity,
I come to keep my vigils on the ground
Where I, too, soon at peace with you shall be.
Then when this throbbing heart has ceased to beat,

And lifeless lies this weak and trembling frame,

Malice itself perchance may not repeat
The cruel sounds that now assail my name.
With flowing tears upon the turf I bend,
Beneath whose shade my ashes shall decay,
And thus I cry, 'Fresh flowers, your perfumes lend

To the lone gales that o'er my grave will play!

And thus ye breezes, in the solemn tone
Of calm and heaven-wrapt melancholy moan!"

Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges was born at Wooton, in Kent, November 30, A.D. 1762, was a student at Cambridge, 1780, in the Middle Temple, 1782, and was called to the bar in 1787. His sonnets appeared in 1785. On the death of the Duke of Chandos in 1790, he urged his brother to assert his claim to the title. The suit kept the courts occu-

pied till 1803, when it was decided against him. In 1810, he removed to Lee Priory, in Kent, his son's residence, and thence issued some of his productions from a private printing-press. He represented Maidstone in Parliament from 1811 to 1818, having obtained a patent of baronetcy in 1814. On losing his seat in the House of Commons he emigrated to Switzerland, and lived at Compagne, near Geneva, till his death, which took place September 8, 1837. His ill success in the suit for a title was long a subject of mortification to him; he always styled himself Baron Chandos *per legem terræ*. Among his two dozen works, embracing many volumes, are "Mary de Clifford," 1792; the work here noticed, 1798; "Le Forester," 1802; "Censura Literaria," 10 vols., 1805-9; "Coningsby," 1819; "Hall of Hellingsly," 1821; "Letters on the Genius of Lord Byron," 1822; "Recollections of Foreign Travel," 1825; "Autobiography and Recollections," 1834.

In 1804, Mrs. Opie published her novel of "Adeline Mowbray, or Mother and Daughter." In it she united her efforts to those of Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton in the "Modern Philosophers," to show the results of Godwin's theory respecting the folly and tyranny of the institution of marriage when reduced to practice. She probably felt that a picture of civilized society, where matrimonial obligations were entirely disregarded, would be altogether unfit for exhibition. So she took in hand only one victim—a talented, amiable, virtuously disposed young lady, whose education was sadly neglected, and into whose hands had fallen an eloquently written work of the Godwin school, whose appearance was to banish the immoral custom of marriage from the golden age that was to succeed the publication of the works of Tom Payne and the inauguration of the Goddess of Reason. This poor damsel is driven by the force of circumstances, and the logic of *Mr. Glenmurray's* book, to live with him as his mistress. The unfortunate philosopher, still convinced of the soundness of his theory, but seeing the suffering and disgrace it has inflicted upon his victim, and the probable misery it will inflict on their offspring, is urgent with her to submit to the afflicting ceremony, but in vain: she is more convinced of the soundness of his theory than himself. Mrs. Opie was certainly under

the influence of religion; but if her fair readers are dissuaded from following the example of poor Adeline, it must be from the contemplation of her punishment by all her acquaintance, not from motives drawn from the principles of religion. The evil treatment she receives from both the male and female sections of society, though different in kind, is so excessive, that we are much rather disposed to feel pity for her sufferings than dislike for her erroneous opinions. So when the youth or maiden of unsteady principles comes to the end of the third volume, he or she may say, "I see by this most interesting and harrowing tale that it is not expedient for two ardent but virtuous lovers to commence housekeeping without resorting in the first instance to the unholy office of the registrar; but how could the world possibly be worse if every attached couple in the kingdom followed the example of the pure-minded and constant Glenmurray and Adeline?" The talented and estimable authoress commenced with the best intentions, but she suffered the impulses of human sympathy to influence her too much, and lost sight of her object as the work proceeded.

Mrs. Opie's writings are not destitute of humor, but they are more distinguished by a spirit of earnestness and feeling: she inflicts no high-flown sentimentality on her readers. She found life what we all find it, a very serious concern, and so she has represented it.

Adeline's mother was early left a widow. When she had time for reading, she selected abstruse speculations. Both before and after marriage she spent little time in looking after her domestic affairs, and when she had not a book before her she was lost in reverie.

"While she was trying to understand a metaphysical question on the mechanism of the human mind, or what constituted the true nature of virtue, she suffered day after day to pass in the culpable neglect of positive duties; and while imagining systems for the good of society and the furtherance of general philanthropy, she allowed individual suffering in her neighborhood to pass unobserved and unrelieved. While professing her unbounded love for the great family of the world, she suffered her own family to pine under the consciousness of her neglect. . . .

"Now it was judged right that she (Ade-

line) should learn nothing, and now that she should learn everything. Now her graceful form and well-turned limbs were to be freed from any bandage, and any clothing save what decency required, and now they were to be tortured by stiff stays, and fettered by the stocks and the backboard.

"All Mrs. Mowbray's ambition had settled in one point, one passion, and that was EDUCATION. . . . She anticipated, with great satisfaction, the moment when she should be held up as a pattern of imitation to mothers, and be prevailed on, though with graceful reluctance, to publish her system, without a name, for the benefit of society. But the execution of her good intentions was continually delayed by her habits of abstraction and reverie. After having arranged over night the tasks of Adeline for the next day,—lost in some new speculations for the good of her child, she would lie in bed all the morning, exposing that child to the dangers of idleness."

For awhile Adeline's dinner consisted of pudding without butter, and potatoes without salt; but while she was taking her walk, her mother thought it not unfit to treat herself to luxurious fare. Finding the young lady thriving, and showing by her healthy looks the good effect of simple and spare diet, she began one day to praise her good system in presence of Adeline. She, however, blushed, hung her head, and acknowledged that the servants obliged her every evening to take some of the good fare laid by from her mother's repast.

Adeline was initiated by her grandmother into the mysteries of ruling a household; and while Mrs. Mowbray was still only moulding her materials into some educational shape, her daughter's education, such as it was, came to a finish. The mother enjoyed the beauty of Glenmurray's style without the slightest notion of seeing his antimatrimonial scheme adopted by any of her friends; but poor Adeline took it all for gospel. The above extract will remove any surprise from the reader's mind that she should take the step she did, unaware, as her training had left her, of the exact limits of right and wrong, or the authoritative teaching of religion.

Amelia Alderson was born at Norwich, November 12, 1769. On the death of her mother in 1784, she succeeded to the government of her father's household, and began to take much interest in the discussion

of metaphysics and French politics. She became the wife of Mr. Opie, the painter, in 1798, and published "Father and Daughter," in 1801. "Adeline Mowbray," appeared in 1804, and "Simple Tales," in 1805. She returned to her father's house in Norwich on the death of her husband in 1807. In 1809 she published Mr. Opie's "Lectures on Painting." In 1812 appeared "Temper;" in 1813, "Romances of Real Life;" in 1816, "Valentine's Eve;" in 1818, "Tales of the Heart;" in 1822, "Madeline;" and "Illustrations of Lying," in 1825. Her religious views gradually modified since 1815, and in 1825 she joined the Society of Friends with her father's consent. In 1835 she visited Switzerland and other continental countries, and published an account of her tour in *Tait's Magazine* in 1840. Her death occurred on December 2, 1853, when she was upwards of eighty-four years of age.

In 1814, was published by T. Dick, of High Street, Edinburgh, "The Saxon and the Gael, or the Northern Metropolis," as good a novel as the best of Galt's, and very little inferior to one of Miss Ferrier's. The authoress endeavored to hold the balance fairly between Celt and Saxon; but though the genuine Irish or Erse idiom is put in the mouths of the Highland adherents, still, we guess from the spirit that pervades the work, that she was a Lowland lady. *Tuch in Deorist* is made in one place to do duty for "*Deoch an Dorus*"—"the drink at the door"—the stirrup-cup. A few misconceptions of this kind deprive us of the pleasure of hailing the talented writer as of Gaelic race.

The Earl of Glenlara has pride enough for two Highland chiefs, but his property consists only of an old castle and some square miles of heath and rock. Mr. Winpenny, the eminent distiller, is about as polished in manner, and as well informed in literary matters as his head drayman; but his daughter Jane is in education and disposition a lady. Glenlara's son, Angus, desires Jane Winpenny for wife. Jane is not insensible to the merits of the young nobleman; but the stately earl is disgusted with the purse-proud, coarse manners of the distiller, and the sensitive daughter will not enter a family where her father would be an object of ridicule or scorn. Lady Rosabelle,

Glenlara's eldest daughter, is courted by Lieutenant Murray, R.N. No objection to this match but the dangerous profession of the pretendant. Lord Macallan, her eldest brother, falls into bad courses, endangers his own life and the credit of his family, and nearly prevents the union of Angus and Jane. Lady Sybella, her younger sister, nearly falls into the power of Count Volage, attached to the little French court at Holyrood. Along with the interesting drama in which these characters play their parts, we have Lord Ego (the Earl of Buchan), so well depicted by poor Gillies and our worthy ex-lessee, Mr. Cole; Lady Gawky, as devoted to the law courts as Mrs. Winter or Miss Flyte; the volatile, worthless Miss Scott, who so feelingly laments her incapability of blushing; and the rough-mannered, but kind-hearted, Dr. Leech. The author of "Rab and his Friends" could not have been a physician in full practice at the time; perhaps it was his father. Morag, the devoted housekeeper, and Donald, the equally devoted family piper, have a good deal to say in the course of the tale. He sends her news of the city life, and she sends despatches to him from the far mountains. Then we have the *entrée* of some fashionable assemblies of Auld Reekie, get tickets to witness Mrs. Siddons' performance in *Venice Preserved*, and go out on Hogmany (New Year's Eve) at midnight, with our bottle and glass, and visit all our acquaintance. But we must give a glimpse of the interior of Glenlara. The earl was looking in an uncomfortable state of mind through the narrow window of his dining-hall on the rainy, dreary landscape, and

"The drawling notes of old Donald's bagpipe, who in time of dinner always paced the entrance-hall, blowing his favorite instrument, was all that was heard during the unsocial repast. But the music suddenly stopped, though in the middle of 'Glenlara's Gathering,' and Donald was heard to exclaim, 'Och, Heavenly Father! what do I see! the banner of the family fallen down, and rent into a thousand pieces.' The face of the earl became deadly pale, though he neither moved nor stirred.

"Out of my sight, disgrace to your clan!" continued Donald; "it was only such as yourself could lay your cursed hands upon it."

"Indeed, and it was myself, sure enough," replied the sharp voice of Lady Sybella's maid; "and I would not deny it though my

Lord himself were to face me for it. And where, I wonder, was the harm of taking it to stuff Lady Sybella's window, which is all broken, as you know yourself, and her dying of the toothache since the Christmas, the darling creature."

"The earl groaned, and hid his face in his hands. . . . The anger of Donald had now subsided into grief, and he alternately bewailed himself and apostrophized the tattered banner. 'You, who was the pride and joy of my heart,' said he, turning over the fragments, 'hanging in the hall hundreds and hundreds of years. Well might I have known evil was to come to the house of Macallan. My poor Angus! But then the toothache, the darling! And I am sure it will grieve her own warm heart as much as mine, if that be possible!'"

Here is a glimpse of the earl's tenants, to whom he was an indulgent, but unimproving landlord.

"Their rents had never been advanced, no family had emigrated, and in all the pride of feudal and hereditary idleness, they reared a fragile hut of turf or dry stone, without door, window, or chimney; cultivated a little patch of land for barley and potatoes, which they divided and subdivided among swarms of children and grandchildren, till scarce an acre was left to themselves, and dragged out life in contented wretchedness.

"The cold air, rain, and snow, blew through the unglazed holes left for the admission of light and the escape of the smoke, 'but they were just used to it.' The hut was darkened with thick smoke: 'Shift the straw to the other side.' If that produced no good effect certain consolation was found in the admirable adage: 'Well, there's no reek in the lark's nest this cold day.' If any improvement in the mode of agriculture was suggested, 'it was not worth *their while* to change for all their time of this world."

Mr. Winpenny is very doubtful of making a success when invited to dinner at Glenlara Lodge. Jane overhears him rehearsing his opening speech—

"A cold afternoon, please your lordship. A little of the barley-bree wadna be amiss, but aiblins ye ne'er heard o' the joke of the highlandman and the gauger. I'd no be a crack o' tellin it: he, he!"

However, when he comes before the awful earl, he can only get out the instinctive—"A'meat hale, mony braw thanks!" and is altogether stranded during the dreadful half-hour before dinner. A beautiful painting of

a sleeping Venus being brought under his notice, he finds fault with her want of thought. "If I war to lie down in my clothes like that gentlewoman, it wad set me a-wheezein' for a month."

At dinner he says to the earl, "Ye see, I mak nae mou's wi' ye, my lord. I cut an cum again, and mak' my father's son welcome" (the earl, all the while, wishing his father's son at the bottom of one of his own vats); praised everything to show his "discretion;" ate everything, and talked about everything to show his breeding; emptied a small dish of expensive peas into his plate, saying as his teeth were not as good as they had been, he would venture on the "pickle pizz;" and then troubled "Maister Angus for a pricin' o' the bubbley-jock." The earl's silent rage at these proceedings, and Jane's chagrin, break off any project of union of the families for the time.

In Mr. Cole's account of his dramatic experiences of Edinburgh, he relates how the Earl of Elgin, the "Lord Ego" of the story, wrote his own address legibly on a large card, placed it on his protégé's chimney-piece, and informed him that his (Mr. Cole's) fortune was made by that simple arrangement. It is with regret that we can make no room for good Doctor Leech's visits among the thrifless poor, so sparing of fresh water, and fresh air, and other circumstances so racy of the Northern metropolis. We have looked over no Scottish works of fiction, after Scott's and Miss Ferrier's, that have interested us so much as the "Saxon and the Gael."

Observations on the fictions of Maria Edgeworth do not come within the design of this paper, as it is to be hoped that the day is very distant when they may be classed among "Forgotten Novels." In some of her earlier ones there is the evident trace of her father's hand in the texture of the story, as we suspect is the case in the quotation which we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of making. Lady Delacour is recounting her strange, ill-regulated career to her protégée, Belinda Portman, and has arrived at the duel which she had nearly fought with "odious Mrs. Luttridge," principals and seconds clad in male attire.

"I had scarcely discharged my pistol when we heard a loud shout on the other side of the barn, and a crowd came pouring down

the lane with rakes and pitchforks in their hands. The untutored sense of propriety among these rustics was so shocked at the idea of a duel fought by women in men's clothes, that I verily believe they would have thrown us into the river with all their hearts—stupid blockheads! They would not have been half so much scandalized if we had boxed in petticoats. The want of these petticoats had nearly proved our destruction, or at least our disgrace. A peeress after being ducked could never have held her head above water again with any grace. The mob had just closed round us, crying 'shame, shame! duck 'em, duck 'em, gentle or simple!' when their attention was suddenly turned towards a person who was driving up the lane a large herd of squeaking, grunting pigs. He was clad in splendid regimentals, and armed with a long pole, to the end of which hung a bladder. His pigs were frightened, and the driver in regimentals could with difficulty make his voice heard. At last he was understood to say that a bet of a hundred guineas depended upon his keeping these pigs ahead of a flock of turkeys that were following them, and he begged the mob to give him and his pigs fair play. The mob were in raptures. Harriet Freke (Lady Delacour's second) shouted in French our distress, and the cause of it, to Clarence (the driver). He was, as I suppose you have discovered long ago, that cleverest young man in England, who had written on the propriety and necessity of female duelling. He answered Harriet in French, 'To attempt your rescue by force would be vain—but I will do better—I will make a diversion in your favor.' Addressing himself to the sturdy fellow who held me in custody, he exclaimed, 'Huzza, my boys! Old England forever! Yonder comes a Frenchman with a flock of turkeys. My pigs will beat them for a hundred guineas. Old England forever, Huzza!'

"As he spoke the French officer appeared at the turn of the lane, his turkeys half flying, half hobbling up the road before him. The Frenchman waved a red streamer over their heads; Clarence shook his pole, from the top of which hung a bladder full of beans. The pigs grunted, the turkeys gobbled, and the mob shouted, eager for the fame of Old England. The French officer was followed with groans and hisses. So great was the zeal of the patriots, that the pleasure of ducking the female duellists was forgotten in the general enthusiasm. All eyes and hearts were intent on the race, and now the turkeys got foremost, and now the pigs. But when we came within sight of the horse-pond, I heard one fellow cry, 'Don't forget the ducking!' How I trembled! but

our knight shouted to his followers: 'For the love of Old England, my brave boys, keep between my pigs and the pond. If our pigs see the water they'll run to it, and England's undone.'

"The whole fury of the mob was by this speech conducted away from us. Our general shook the rattling bladder in triumph over the heads of the swinish multitude, as we followed in perfect security in his train into the town.

"Men, women, and children crowded to the windows and doors. 'Retreat into the first place you can,' whispered Clarence to us—we were close to him. Harriet pushed her way into a milliner's shop, but a frightened pig turned back suddenly and almost threw me down. Clarence Hervey caught me, and favored my retreat into the shop, but poor Clarence lost his bet by his gallantry. While he was manœuvring in my favor the turkeys got several yards ahead of the pigs, and reaching the market-place first, won the race.

"The French officer found great difficulty in getting safe out of the town; but Clarence represented that he was a prisoner on his parole, and that it would be unlike Englishmen to insult a prisoner. So he got off in safety, and they both dined at the house of General Y——, and entertained a large party with an account of this adventure."

If any of our readers are so misguided in taste, or so little favored by that goddess who presides over circulating libraries, as not to have yet made acquaintance with Lady Delacour, Mrs. Beaumont, queen of manœuvring ladies, Soft Simon, Corney, king of the Black Islands, Terence O'Fay, and the ennui-ridden Earl of Glenthorn, let him or her now make up for lost time. Blest as the immortal gods will he be while residing on his Black Island with good King Corney, the ingenious, shift-making, kind-hearted ruler, who was fonder of talking of his power and privileges than of using them, and whose greatest punishment for an ill-doing islander was banishing him to the neighboring continent of Ireland.

Admirers of the genius, sound judgment, and kind disposition of Miss Edgeworth will be pleased to learn these few particulars concerning her. She was born at Hare Hatch, near Reading, January 1, 1767. Her mother was the first of the five wives of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, to the last four of whom she acted the part of a provident elder sister, and most of whose children

she educated. Her first visit to Ireland was in 1782.

In later days, when the estate became incumbered through the improvidence of a brother, it was prevented from going the way of its many fellows through Ireland chiefly through her able management. No worthy tenant on the estate ever entertained fears of being dismissed, and no new tenant admitted without a scrutiny into his character and habits. The greatest intimacy and affection existed between herself and her father. While a witness to the numerous occasions where he was brought into contact with their neighbors of the middle and lower classes, she had opportunities of studying the native character in every one of its phases, and well she turned these opportunities to account. There is no evidence in her writings of her being much influenced by religious motives; but certainly if her works are not stamped with a religious character, no mark of irreligion can be detected. The good fathers and mothers of her stories all go to church on Sundays, and take their children along with them. She leaves the duty of religious training to the clergyman, without hindering or assisting him, and, perhaps, that is the thorough fulfilment of a novelist's devoirs. In one instance she holds up to the reader's dislike a certain Miss Black, who does all the injury she can to those who do not adopt her own peculiar views; and for this we are sure our readers will give slight blame to the authoress of "Ormond." Her father's hand is evident through most of her early productions.

The "Early Lessons" and "Parent's Assistant" were written in continuation of portions begun by her father and his first wife. "Practical Education," a joint production of father and daughter, appeared in 1798. "Belinda" and "Early Lessons," 1801; "Castle Rackrent" and "Moral Tales," 1802; "An Essay on Irish Bulls," 1803; "Popular Tales" and the "Modern Griselda," 1804; "Leonora," 1806; "Tales of Fashionable Life," 1809 to 1812; "Patronage," 1814; "Life of her Father," 1820; "Helen," 1834. She died May 21, 1849, at the advanced age of eighty-two, having well merited of her country, of educators, and of educated. May her memory be long kept in honor!

Baillieboro', in the county Cavan, enjoys an honor which, probably, is little known or valued by its inhabitants. It has given birth to the author of "Polyanthea," "Brookiana," "Beauties of Burke," "Wandering Islander," and "The Irish Valet, or the Whimsical Adventures of Paddy O'Halloran." Mr. C. H. Wilson, son of a clergyman of that locality, received his education at Trinity College, and afterwards was entered at the Middle Temple. He neglected his legal studies for the uncertain profession of letters, contributed to gazetteers and periodicals, was as improvident as his countryman, Oliver, and died with a shilling in his possession. He is represented as possessed of great powers of memory, a talent for repartee, and a strong relish for social enjoyment. Some friend published the "Irish Valet," in 1811, after his death, wrote a biographical preface, and dedicated it to Earl Moira, a nobleman who seems to have enjoyed a monopoly of dedications during his career.

Paddy O'Halloran goes to try his fortune in England, is enabled to render some services to a young lady who happens to be crossing the water at the same time in the same vessel, falls desperately in love with her, and after serving some score of masters, finds means of persuading her to be his wife. Her aunt is inexorable, and will not assist the imprudent pair; but they are relieved by the ordinary "*Dues ex machina*" of the old novelists—a lottery ticket. The book is full of whimsical adventures, puns, smart dialogues, and satirical remarks on the follies and vices of the day; but the author did not possess the genuine *vis comica*, nor the power of interesting his readers.

"Corfe Castle" and "Eva," the latter a historic romance of the days of Strongbow, may have fallen under the eyes of some of our readers in the days of their wild oats. The ruffian, Mac Murrough, is quite a sentimental hero; O'Ruarc, a libidinous old wretch, whom Dervorgalla did quite right to abandon, and all Irish annalists are quite out in their estimation of the men of the Invasion. These romances were written by Miss Milliken, of Cork, sister of the talented laureate of "The Groves of Blarney." Mrs. Mary Boddington, *née* Comerford, also native of the "Beautiful City," wrote the

"Gossips' Week." Miss Chetwode, an intimate friend of the Russian princess, Daschkoff, and authoress of "Bluestocking Hall," "Snugborough," and other novels, claims Cork for her birthplace; as well as James Sheridan Knowles, author of "George Lovel" and "Fortescue," and so many delightful dramas. Is man ever to be content, even when his dearest wishes are gratified? and whether will that object be attained under the sway of the great polygamist, Brigham, in the ecclesia where the "Essays and Reviews" will supply the place of the Book of Common Prayer, or in the far-looming future Church to be founded by the ghost of the Chevalier Bunsen?

Poor Mat Gregory Lewis acquired at an early period of his life a very undesirable reputation. He wrote one of the worst books in the English or any language, without being seemingly aware of having done anything wrong, and felt very much astonished when he found he had thereby incurred the displeasure of his father and all reflecting Christians. All the time his own conduct is said to have been irreproachable. If we were to distinguish prose fictions by the names given to dramatic performances, all Lewis' novels would come under the class, melodrama. In this we do not mean to disparage that exciting section of literature. Commend us to the good stirring piece of the *Miller and his Men* any evening, rather than a dull, woful tragedy! The still living play-goers of 1809 recall with sad pleasure the production of *Rugantino* in the old Theatre of Peter Street, Mr. Henry Johnstone presenting the patriotic Bravo. Twenty years later he appeared in the same character in Hawkins' Street, when he was sufficiently portly, and would hardly be recognized by his portrait in *Walker's Hibernian Magazine* of 1808 or 9, as the chivalrous O'Donoghue of the Lakes.

The recollections of the drama have led us aside from the original story which the author professed to have adapted from the German. Of a numerous class of readers of the period (1805 *et circa*), those who were not in search of the terrible, kept a look-out for the lascivico-horrible. The Germans were supposed proficient in furnishing the article; so if a native had been busy with an original production of the

kind, he sent it forth as a translation from the High Dutch. In our own times we witness a process the reverse of this.

Auguste Maquet, the author of the most successful of Dumas' romances, wrote a drama of which these were the edifying ingredients. A brave, good-hearted colonel, going to the wars, marries a young lady merely to secure herself and family from ruin, and starts on his expedition five minutes after the ceremony. Just as he has passed the gates, the officer to whom she had been betrothed, and who ought to have been dead, returns, Oh, misery! Confident in their mutual virtue, they spend longer time together than is exactly expedient, till the lover stung with remorse, flies to a beleaguered city in Flanders, and is blown from a mine some score of perches into the air. The husband returns, finds a furnished cradle in his grateful, but frail wife's apartment; and the end of the world would arrive but for her devoted sister, who attributes the presence of the terrible bit of furniture to a piece of indiscretion on her own part. All is now prosperous except with the poor lady of the "white lie;" but the blown-up hero returns and the betrayed husband finds out the truth. What's to be done? Why, what can be done by the noble-minded colonel but forgive guilty wife, and marry her to worthless lover, and resign himself to the discomforts of celibacy!

An English writer of talent admires the plot of this edifying drama, softens down some situations, and publishes it in the shape of a novel, without acknowledging his obligations to Maquet, or any Gaul of woman born. Had he flourished in the days when young ladies wept away their eyes over "Werter," he would have manfully translated the "Chateau de Grantier," and given the author such honor as his hot-house production so richly merited. But to return to the "Bravo."

All this time the poor, famished stranger, the Bravo Abellino, is trembling with cold and hunger on the edge of the great canal in Venice. He gets an opportunity of saving a nobleman from the poignard of a ruffian, asks for relief from the rescued man, is scornfully refused, is brought by the baffled bravo to the den of his associates, and consents to share their fortune. The description of the man and his reception

furnishes a fair specimen of the fee-faw-fum style of the book. He has just appeased his terrible hunger.

"Picture to yourself a stout young fellow, with well formed limbs, and the most horrible countenance that ever was invented by a caricaturist, or that Milton could have adapted to the ugliest of his fallen angels. Black and shining, long and straight, his hair flew wildly about his brown neck and yellow face. His mouth was so wide, that his gums and discolored teeth were visible, and a kind of convulsive twist, which scarcely ever was at rest, had formed its expression into an eternal grin. His eye (for he had but one) was sunk deep into his head, and little more than the white of it was visible, and even that little was overshadowed by the protrusion of his dark and bushy eyebrow. In the union of his features were found collected in one hideous assemblage all the most coarse and uncouth traits which ever had been exhibited singly in wooden cuts; and the observer was left in doubt whether this repulsive physiognomy expressed (*sic*) stupidity of intellect, or maliciousness of heart, or whether it implied both of them together.

"Now, then, I am satisfied," roared Abellino, and dashed the still full goblet upon the ground. "Speak! what would you know of me? I am ready to give you answers." "The first thing necessary," replied Mateo (their chief), "is to give us a proof of your strength; for this is of material importance in our undertakings. Are you good at wrestling?" "I know not; try me."

"Cinthia, remove the table. Now, then, Abellino, which of us will you undertake?" "Which of you?" cried Abellino; "all of you together, and half a dozen more of such pitiful scoundrels." And he sprang from his seat, threw his sword on the table, and measured the strength of his antagonists with his single eye. The banditti burst into a loud fit of laughter.

"Now, then," cried Abellino, fiercely; "now, then, for the trial. Why come you not on?" "Fellow," replied Mateo, "try first what you can do with me alone, and learn what sort of men you have to manage. Think you we are marrowless boys or delicate signors?" Abellino answered him by a scornful laugh; Mateo became furious; his companions shouted loud, and clapped their hands.

"To business," said Abellino; "I am now in a right humor for sport: look to yourselves, my lads;" and in the same instant he collected his forces together, threw the gigantic Mateo over his head as if he had been an infant, knocked Struzza down on

the right hand, and Pietrino on the left, tumbled Tomaso to the end of the room, heels over head, and stretched Baluzzo without animation on the neighboring benches. Three minutes elapsed ere the subdued bravos could recover themselves. Loud shouted Abellino, whilst the astonished Cinthia gazed and trembled at the terrible exhibition. At length Mateo cried out with an oath, rubbing his battered joints, 'the fellow is our master. Cinthia, take care to give him our best chamber.'

The Doge's niece, the fair Rosabella, is engaged to be wedded to Count Monaldeschi, but she would prefer the gallant young Flodoardo, a young stranger lately arrived and in great favor with a brave old senator. A rejected suitor and some profligate young noblemen form a second Catiline conspiracy to assassinate the niece of the Doge, the Doge himself and his faithful councillors, and Abellino is hired to remove these last. He slays Mateo in an attempt made on the life of the Lady Rosabella; Monaldeschi is found dead, with a scroll signed ABELLINO attached to the poignard; the loyal councillors are removed, and even the Doge is visited in his private apartments by the terrible bandit. Flodoardo is promised the hand of the lady of he can secure the bravo; so he engages to deliver him on a certain day in the great Hall of the Palace. On the same day the conspirators, at Abellino's suggestion, throng the hall to secure the Doge, while their partisans, at a certain signal, will seize on the arsenal, etc.

Those who have witnessed on the stage the concluding scene, will agree that the situation can hardly be surpassed for absorbing interest.

The story, with the exception of a few coarse and profane passages, is harmless enough. The author, son of the Deputy Secretary at War, was born 9th July, 1775. He spent part of his youth in Germany, and imbibed some of the worst qualities of the writers of that nation. On the death of his father he succeeded to considerable property in the West Indies, and was much liked by his dependants. He died on a return voyage, May 14th, 1818. His too notorious romance appeared in 1798; "Tales of Wonder," 1801; "The Bravo," 1804; "Rugantino," the drama founded on it, 1805; "Feudal Tyrants," 1806; "Tales of Terror and Romantic Tales," 1808, and twelve

dramas, from 1797 to 1812. The most noted of these are the *Castle Spectre*, 1798; *Adelgitha*, 1806; *One o'Clock, or the Knight and the Wood Demon*, 1811; and *Timour the Tartar*, 1812. He has left us the "Journal of a West India Planter," and his memoirs have been written by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.

We abstain, on system, from giving the skeleton outlines of those novels to which we wish to direct our readers' attention, as it virtually defeats a writer's dearest objects when the reader obtains premature knowledge of the plot. However, as we do not look on the perusal of the Rev. Charles Maturin's romances as a healthy occupation for the mind, we shall depart from our general practice in taking notice of his "Women, or Pour et Contre."

Young Charles de Courcy, a youth of eighteen, coming up to Dublin to enter on college life, has the good fortune to rescue a young lady of fifteen from certain minions who are conveying her off at the instigation of a dreadful beggar and maniac, beside whom Meg Merrilies was a comely middle-aged woman. After some trouble, and a smart fever, he is allowed to visit at her uncle's, but the family and their connections are of the extra-dissenting body. Nothing is spoken or thought of but election and the reverse, and poor De Courcy, who is irrecoverably in love with the angelic Eva Wentworth, can scarcely get opportunity of saying a word to her, tender or commonplace. So what might hardly be expected from an alumnus T.C.D., six feet high, he takes to his bed, and would never have risen therefrom, had not his friend Montgomery and his guardian, made a descent on the Puritan family in Dominick Street, and obtained his freedom of the house. But the youth of the parties puts immediate marriage out of the question; and though the amiable and sincerely pious Eva dearly loves her betrothed, she is far from letting the depth of her affection become evident, and he cannot take kindly to the eternal tea-meetings and dinners where nothing is discussed but points of doctrine, and where he cannot speak on any subject of art, or literature, or love to Eva.

Just then a paragon of beauty, and musical and dramatic genius, appeared at the Theatre Royal, Crow Street, and took Dub-

lin and the too susceptible heart of our hero by storm, but was, in her own turn, captivated and enslaved by the dark-haired youth of eighteen! Visits, *conversazioni*, and pleasure excursions to Wicklow ensue, but Zaira finding her hero betrothed, submits to destiny, and will be satisfied by that kind of friendship to which Plato's name, without Plato's consent, has been given. Though a stage-singing woman, she is rich, a decent-living Christian, and of irreproachable morals; and beginning to suspect that a longer stay in Dublin would not tend to good, she prepares for departure. De Courcy comes to say farewell; but after he and she have said it till they scarcely know the meaning of the word, he will not let her depart without taking him along with her as her future husband. The mad beggar has twice or thrice crossed their paths, and scared them, and to his despairing, self-accusing note to poor Eva, she returns an answer replete with piety, resignation, and affection, which will act as coals of fire on his head for many a day.

Zaira will not consent to be his wife till they have spent a year visiting the great cities of Europe. They resort to Paris in 1814, where all the great people of Europe are then collected. The Herculean handsome Jeune Irlandais captivates all Paris, and especially a certain beautiful, cold-hearted Mlle. Eulalie, and he begins to be disgusted at being considered a protégé of the great actress, and to feel the barbs of remorse tearing his heart more and more for his desertion of the angelic Eva. At last, hearing from an acquaintance that Zaira had been a married woman, and that her visit to Ireland had been with intent to recover her child, and receiving a terrible letter from his guardian with news of Eva's being dangerously ill, he returns to Dublin without leave obtained or asked from Zaira. Blamable as the poor actress is, no one can help feeling the deepest sympathy for her when thus forsaken. She has only a slight hold on Christian faith and hope and love, and in her misery she is exposed to the selfish and wily designs of Mons. Cardonneau, a rank unbeliever. She seeks for strength and consolation in Christian practices; but her mind is unhinged, and she determines on suicide. This part of the story, giving so much space to the Atheist's plausible theories, founded on

the prevalency of evil in the world, and to the diseased workings of the poor sufferer's mind, is the most unhealthy portion of the book. Zaira is at last deterred from self-destruction by a vision of Eva leaning on a resplendent cross, and beckoning to her, and she embarks for Ireland.

Poor Eva goes through the ordinary stages of a rapid decline, strives to raise her affections from earth to heaven, and is nearly successful, when De Courcy, a mere shadow of what he was a twelvemonth since, throws himself at her feet. It is too late, however: she will not divide her latest hours between an earthly and a heavenly love. Zaira, on her return to Ireland, finds, to her terror and amazement, that the mad beggar is her mother, and at this point we learn the particulars of her early life.

She was the illegitimate daughter of an atheistic gentleman in the West of Ireland, who separated her from her mother at an early age, for fear of her receiving Christian impressions. He took great pains in having her taught accomplishments, and she repaid his care by privately marrying her Italian tutor. On finding this out, he banished her from his house, and she gave birth to a female child in Dublin. Her selfish husband forwarded the babe to its grandfather, took his wife to Italy, made her adopt the musical drama as her profession, and from at first being looked on as a drudgery, it became a passion with her. Her selfish husband died at last, acquainting her before his death with what he had done with their daughter; and her visit to Ireland had been with the object of finding her out. Alas! her wicked father had just been done to death by the hand of one of his own sons; and it was not till now that she learned how her child had been intrusted to Mrs. Wentworth, and that in all probability her weakness in listening to the vows of De Courcy was at the moment on the point of conducting her long-sought child to the tomb.

All the particulars of the approach of death to the pure-minded, unworldly Eva, are dwelt on with melancholy pleasure by the writer. Just as her spirit has commenced its heavenward flight, her unfortunate mother arrives at her bedside, and for her there will henceforth be no comfort on earth.

While the clergyman is reciting the burial

office over the virgin's coffin, her mother on one side, and her guilty lover on the other, are wrapped in silent misery, all heedless of each other's presence. After spending two or three hours by her grave, De Courcy, in the last stage of consumption, and with his soul tormented by remorse, resigns his spirit, and the hapless mother is left to endure a dreary existence.

If it were not for the nature of the subjects selected by our author, we are convinced that his works would be generally popular at this day. In morbid analysis of the soul's faculties, in vigor of description, in profound thought, and in truthful delineation of character, he can scarcely be surpassed. Then he carefully arranged his design, and always had *in petto* a surprise for the reader in the end of the third volume. In the story reviewed, however, the hero, notwithstanding his height, and acquirements, and personal qualities, is altogether a contemptible character; and in the "Wild Irish Boy," the writer was so full of Lady Delacour (Miss Edgeworth's Lady Delacour), that a fair charge of plagiarism may be lodged against the syren of that work. Only for a certain morbid thread that pervaded the mental texture of the spirits of

Maturin and Banim, they would have produced fictions not inferior to the Waverley series.

The Rev. Charles Maturin, as probably most of our readers already know, belonged to Saint Peter's Church, in this city, for several years. His death took place in 1825. "Women, or Pour et Contre," was published in 1818. The "Milesian Chief," "Montorio, or the Fatal Revenge," "The Wild Irish Boy," and "Melmoth," had appeared in succession since 1811. The "Albigenses" was his last published romance. He also left "The Universe," a poem, a volume of Sermons, "Bertram," and one or two other tragedies. A criticism on "Montorio," will be found in Sir Walter Scott's Miscellaneous Works. Scott was a great admirer of Maturin's genius: he superintended the publication of his posthumous volume of sermons.

We were meditating on the length, the form, the substance, and the moral of our winding up to this article, when the inopportune appearance of the sable messenger of the printer's inferno nipped the project in the bud, lightening ourselves of some trouble, and probably our readers of some annoyance.

FIRE IN LONDON.—The Select Committee appointed to inquire into the existing arrangements for the protection of life and property against fire in the metropolis have concluded their labors. It appears that twenty years ago the number of fires in London was about 450, and that last year the total number was 1,183. According to Sir Richard Mayne's estimate, the whole of the metropolitan police area and the City of London together, extending over about 700 square miles, may be considered as containing rather above 3,000,000 of inhabitants, residing in about 475,000 houses, and the rental for taxation about £14,800,000. The magnitude of the interest at stake was also shown by Mr. Newmarch, who stated in his evidence that the total value of property insurable against fire within six miles of Charing Cross is not less than £900,000,000, and of this not more than about £300,000,000, is insured. It was further shown that this insured property now bears, through the medium of the fire

offices, the expense of the present Fire Brigade establishment. After reviewing the principal topics brought before them by an unusually large number of witnesses, the Committee, by a majority of seven to five, agreed to the following recommendations:—"1. That a fire brigade be formed, under the superintendence of the Commissioner of Police, on a scheme to be approved by the Secretary of State for the Home Department, to form part of the general establishment of the Metropolitan Police, and that the Acts requiring parishes to maintain engines be repealed. 2. That an account of the expenditure of the new police fire brigade be annually laid before Parliament, together with the general police accounts, in such a manner that the special cost of the brigade may be ascertained. 3. That the area of the new fire brigade arrangements be confined within the limits of the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Board of Works, with the option to other parishes to be included, if within the area of the Metropolitan Police."

CHAPTER VII. AN INVALID.

THE doctor's predictions were verified.

It was with difficulty that Wilford Hadfield was moved from the Grange to the cottage. Symptoms of illness increased to an alarming extent; the acute painfulness of his disorder was intensified. He was soon in a state of entire helplessness, prostrate on the bed in Mr. Fuller's spare room. A violent attack of rheumatic fever had deprived him of the use of his limbs. He was destined to be for many weeks a prisoner in the doctor's cottage—a prey to a very painful malady.

The attentions of the doctor and his family were unremitting. The poor sufferer could hardly have been better, more tenderly cared for. Daily Stephen Hadfield rode over from the Grange to inquire after the welfare of his brother. At the worst stage of his illness Dr. Barker had been brought from the Mowle Infirmary to see the patient, while there had been some thought at one time of summoning Dr. Chillingworth again from London. But Dr. Barker had assured the family that the invalid was in no danger; certainly, unless he was very much mistaken, in no immediate danger, while it was not possible for him to be in better hands than in those of Dr. Barker's very good friend, Mr. Fuller. All concerned were then convinced that everything was being ordered for the best; the more so that it shortly became evident that the patient's state of health was improving. Even Mrs. Stephen was at length brought round to this view of the case. It had been her first impulse to send for medical aid from London. In fact, she was a London lady, and prone to the opinion that skill and science could hardly be looked for out of her favorite metropolis. But she could not fail to appreciate the care and cleverness of Mr. Fuller. To do her justice she had now conquered the fears she had certainly at one time entertained in regard to her brother-in-law. Once aware that he was really ill, having perhaps taken the precaution of ascertaining that his disorder was of no infectious character, and in no way threatened the safety of her children, she entered the sick-room confidently, with the full intention of aiding the invalid and sharing in his nursing to the utmost of her ability. With much natural and constitutional timid-

ity, and an absence of all force of character, Mrs. Stephen was, nevertheless, not so entirely the water-color sort of woman she might at first glance have been accounted. A little wanting in certainty of expression, with an air of refinement and culture that seemed to negative the possession of feelings, although the effect was in reality only to restrict their demonstration, and a particularity in dress, especially in regard to the minutiae of the toilet, Mrs. Stephen Hadfield, notwithstanding these fashion-book characteristics, was genuinely kind and tender-hearted, with all feminine sympathy for suffering, and with abundance of the emotions that prompt self-sacrifice, had occasion ever demanded of her conduct of so high an order. Wilford, well, there was a strangeness about him which startled her whose respect for convention was inclined to be exaggerated; but her husband's brother, ill, helpless, in an agony of pain—dying, perhaps, all the noblest feelings of her heart had been excited on his behalf, and she would have toiled herself to death to benefit him in any, the slightest way. On the whole, Stephen Hadfield had reason to be proud of his wife. The woman had not been sacrificed to the lady,—perhaps at one time there had been a danger of this,—but Gertrude Hadfield had passed scatheless through the trial. Unlike some of her neighbors she had cleverness to perceive that although society requires from its members placidity and repose, by these are not necessarily implied either petrification of feeling or ossification of heart.

Have not sickness and suffering some kind of fascination for women? Is there not in these truly an "open sesame" to their hearts? But I fancy—may I so state without being deemed rude?—that women are always partial to anomalies, and that the combination of sovereignty and servitude involved in the act of nursing somehow particularly recommends it to their not too logical minds. Is a male writer to discuss such a question? But to rule in the sick-room, the slave of the sick man—is, it seems to me, a favorite position with women. There is a recognition of their power in it—while there is room for their tenderness—which, from its nature, must obey and serve rather than command and sway. Be well, healthy, vigorous in body and mind, and a

woman finds something defiant in such a state — something antagonistic to herself, especially if she admit with M. Michelet, that she herself is “always an invalid,”—and her heart does not turn to you; your love will be too hard for her; you will rule and possess her, too, absolutely; she will be without a chance of governing ever so little in her turn, in her own peculiar way. Sink at her feet, pale, suffering, imploring her aid, and she will bend down with tears in her eyes, lavishing upon you the utmost treasure of her love, slaving for you as only women can slave, and she will be yours forever, for will it not be your own fault if you permit her heart, once yours, to quit you when your health returns?

Gertrude, Vi, and Madge were indefatigable in their attendance upon Wilford Hadfield. If Mrs. Stephen was inclined to relieve the Miss Fullers of their share of nursing, the good doctor interfered on their behalf. As a doctor's daughters, he said if they did not understand nursing, who did? And had not Vi nursed so and so, and so and so, on such and such an occasion, and wasn't her name, as a nurse, famous all through Grilling Abbots? So Mrs. Stephen was compelled to withdraw her opposition to the labors of the doctor's daughters, and especially her proposition that the housekeeper from the Grange should be sent to render assistance. The whole household of the doctor's cottage, including Hester the cook and Hannah the housemaid, were at the disposal of the invalid, and what more could he or any one possibly require?

Wilford bore his sufferings very patiently. With deep gratitude he watched the kind labors of his nurses on his account. He was terribly weak and thin, and there were now perceptible threads of gray in his long tangled hair. He spoke very little, but he was evidently emerging from that state of lethargy and listlessness into which he had fallen prior to his illness, possibly as a symptom of its approach. There was an animation in his large black eyes they had not known for some time.

“He will be all the better for this illness,” said Mr. Fuller to Stephen, “when we once get him fairly through it. He will start afresh, as it were, on a new road; he will leave old habits of life and thoughts and plans a long way behind him.”

“Has he spoken of his future proceedings? Do you think he has changed his views at all?” Stephen asked.

“He never mentions the subject, and I am careful not to do so. But I take it for granted he thinks very differently *now*. I shall conclude that he does so until I learn from his own lips the contrary. His getting well, now, is simply a matter of time. Pain has left him, or nearly so; he has now to regain his strength, and we mustn't hurry him. A man doesn't recover in a day from an illness like that.”

For the patient, the tedium of convalescence seems to be only a few degrees less insufferable than the tedium of illness. How the eyes of the sick man fasten upon all the details of the room, and thoroughly exhaust them! That is a dreadful moment when you feel that you have quite done with the paper on the wall, and that by no possibility can further interest even unconsciously be drawn from it. Wilford knew all the rosebuds by heart—he knew exactly where they would spring out of the scroll-work, and where they would disappear behind it; he knew the place in the pattern where, by some accident in the printing, the color of one particular rose was some half-inch from its outline. He knew each join in the paper. He had studied every plait in the dainty white bed-hangings; he had traced human faces in the lines of the curtains till further variety seemed impossible; he knew every stroke in the chalk-drawing (from Carlo Dolce—by Violet Fuller) hanging over the mantelpiece, until the expression of his face, reverential but inane, quite wearied and oppressed him. He knew all the panes in the lattice by heart, especially those diamonds of glass of different hue to their fellows, with a suspicion of green in them or a tendency to blue. What a relief—Heaven, what a relief!—when Madge, kind Madge, brought in her canary-bird for the amusement of the patient, who was to be sure and ring the bell—the rope rested on his pillow—if Dicky became too noisy or troublesome. What a temptation for a sick man: ringing would certainly bring Madge back—not ringing—he had her pet bird to contemplate, with yet the sure prospect of its mistress coming to fetch it in the course of a short time. He determined to wait and make what he could of the bird, still

looking forward to another glimpse of kind Madge very soon.

The bird was inclined to be shrill sometimes, undoubtedly. There was a very ear-piercing quality about his note. Yet what a change and a relief to hear his glad, careless, triumphant *fiorituri*—to see him spring from perch to perch—sometimes a soft warm yellow ball, anon his plumage bristling out spread fan-wise in the air,—now sharpening his beak upon his sugar like a knife upon a steel; now tossing his rape-seed over his head like a conjuror playing with his cups and balls! It was a great comfort to the invalid to watch the bird, and the bird exhausted was there not the cage to turn to? its reticulations to count and examine, with the view of detecting crooked wires or uneven spaces?

It was known in Grilling Abbots that Mr. Wilford Hadfield was a visitor at Dr. Fuller's cottage. But the circumstances of the case carried explanation with them, and the fact was little commented on. Disinherited and dangerously ill it was not unnatural that Mr. Wilford should seek aid at the hands of his old friend the doctor, and Grilling Abbots had no objection to make to such a proceeding.

For many weeks was the sick man a prisoner in the spare room. When first he entered it the snow of winter mantled the ground: when he was able first to quit it there was the glory of the early spring abroad. The month that comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb was on the wane. The March winds had dried up the country soaked by the February rains. At sunrise swarms of rooks swept across the skies seeking their morning meal, battling with the breeze and circling and tacking to avoid it till they looked like leaves eddying at the fall. There was some warmth in the sunrays now, and the languor of coming summer in the air. The woods and lanes were scented with the buds. The hedges were losing their black, skeleton look; they were now purple and gold with renoyed blossoms. The honeysuckle on the porch was already in leaf; the firs and alders were in flower, and green tufts, crimson-pointed, decked the larch. Time which thus brought beauty to the year, carried convalescence to the sick-chamber in Mr.

Fuller's cottage. Be sure the early offerings of spring-time adorned the room and solaced the wearied eyes of the sufferer. Be sure Madge hurried to place in his wasted hands the first violets she could gather; how she had hunted under the fallen tree-trunks in the park—under the moss-coated palings, how she had wet her feet and soiled her dress in her search! Yet she returned triumphant, with quite a bouquet—with snowdrops, too, and a first primrose—while placid Vi had joined in the quest, adding a pansy-bud gathered with some effort from the sunny top of the garden-wall. The doctor's daughters had toiled heart and soul for their father's patient. Much of his history they did not know, but it was enough for them that Wilford Hadfield was now poor and suffering—all the care and tenderness of their pure kind hearts was his again and again.

"Do you know, Vi," confessed Madge, "I was quite frightened at him when he first came. I thought him so grim and fierce-looking. I did not dare to say a word to him. But I've quite got over that now."

"There wasn't much to be frightened at, Madge."

"No, indeed, not, and he so sick and weak. Poor creature! I never saw any one look so bad as he did. I've become now quite accustomed to him. I begin to think he's quite handsome."

"Better looking than Stephen, even?"

Madge mused, while Violet contemplated her rather closely it would seem.

"Yes, I think even handsomer than Stephen."

"Yet he's very worn and wasted, Madge; he looks much older than he really is, and how hollow his eyes are!"

"But they're no longer wild and savage now. When I took him those flowers he hardly said anything, but do you know, Vi, I think there were almost tears in his eyes. I think, Vi, you gave me the idea of gathering those flowers for him."

"No, Madge, indeed I did not." And Miss Violet turned away, perhaps to conceal a blush that was rising in her cheek. Heaven knows why.

He was very weak still, but on fine days he was able to leave his bed and sit at the

window of the spare room looking into the garden.

"My nurses," he said, smiling faintly as he observed Vi and Madge below.

"Yes," said Mr. Fuller, "your old play-fellows, years ago, Wilford. It seems a long while, now, since you were romping on the grass-plot with little Violet and Baby Madge with the red locks. There have been changes since then."

"There have indeed." And the convalescent covered his eyes with his thin hands.

"Shall I read to you?" said the doctor, "or shall I send up Vi to read to you? I think she's a better hand at it than I am."

"No," answered Wilford after, a pause, "I'm busy—thinking," he added, with a smile.

"Yes," and the doctor patted him gently on the shoulder, "and that's the very thing I don't want you to do. Your body is not strong enough for you to be using your mind yet. You mustn't think—unless it be of the future—of getting well. Not of the past." And the doctor quitted him.

"No, not of the past,—not of that," said Wilford with a shudder.

He took listlessly a book, one of a pile on the table. He opened it mechanically at the title-page. His eye fell upon the name written on the fly-leaf—"Violet Fuller." He stopped at this with his eyes fixed upon the writing, and twice he read the name aloud—deeply he seemed to ponder over it. Perhaps in that process of vacant meditation of Elaine's father—

"As when we dwell upon a word we know,
Repeating till the word we know so well
Becomes a wonder, and we know not why."

Perhaps in more pregnant reflection. At last he shut the book with a start, to snatch himself from a reverie that was only partly pleasurable.

The cottage drawing-room closely curtained for the night was lighted only by the red fire glowing in the grate. Violet Fuller was at her piano, now singing snatches of songs—now playing from memory fragments of tunes. Madge was in the surgery, helping—or making believe to help—her father in the business of compounding his medicines. There were the sounds of much laughter proceeding from that quarter of the house, and of much talking and merri-

ment generally. Indeed, noise and merriment seemed to go hand in hand with Madge.

Violet Fuller had an exquisite voice. It was low-pitched and of silvery quality when she spoke—raising it in singing it was full-toned and glowing with the most noble music. Although she had received little instruction, her tones were admirably under command, for her ear was perfect, and her power of execution, though acquired with little effort, was considerable. Music was with her a natural gift. She seemed to sing and play quite as matters of course. A contrast in this respect to her sister Madge, who studied music (in obedience to the prevalent opinion that it is the bounden duty of every English woman to learn to play on the piano and sing "a little"), but whose natural aptitude for the study was limited—whose voice, though pleasant in quality, was often out of tune, and in whose playing wrong notes were frequently to be detected by a musical by-stander, although they were never remarked by the performer, who was only inharmonious unconsciously.

New and fashionable songs, in which weak words are wedded to weak music, and sentimentality is bought at the price of sickness, did not often reach Grilling Abbots. The sort of music politeness compels us often to hear in our friends' drawing-rooms, when a sylphide with a compressed waist rising from profuse tarlatan gasps out with husky timidity a feeble ballad of most conventional pattern, with a florid lithograph on its cover,—music of this sort would have found no favor with Vi Fuller, even if she had been able to obtain it. In this, as in some other matters, Grilling Abbots was a little behind the rest of the world. But an old, well-worn book—it had belonged formerly to the late Mrs. Fuller—containing a selection of songs by Mozart furnished her favorite music. She would sit for hours at the piano singing through this book, and her love for the art—or should I say science?—was very great. She would sing all the same whether she had an audience or not; perhaps—but the sylphide with the wasp waist, who regards song as a means to an end, as an accomplishment enhancing her prospects in the marriage-market, will hardly credit it—she even preferred to be without an audience, when she could surrender her-

self wholly to the entrancement of her melody. She loved music for its own sake, and she sang Mozart's songs with all her love and heart and soul in her voice.

Most charming of composers! Let us listen for pomp and passion and solid grandeur to Beethoven; for religion to Handel; for weirdness and mystery to Weber and Meyerbeer; for orchestral epilepsies or tortured tunes let us search in the spasmodic scores of modern Italy; but for the poetry of tenderness, for the heart's own sentiment, shall we ever find these in greater perfectness than in the music of Mozart?

It was genuine unaffected singing, very delightful to hear. Her soft white hands floated over the keyboard, the taper fingers finding as it were their own way to the notes, for there was not much light in the room near the piano; her silver voice throbbing through the great master's melodies. And very charming to behold, too, was Vi Fuller seated before her instrument, her liquid gray eyes full of expression and feeling, and the red lips parted to let the heart-laden song stream forth; she was too admirable a vocalist to distort her face as she sung, though some admirable vocalists are distressingly prone to this defect; and she would sing till sometimes tears stood in her eyes, or her voice threatened to break into sobs; till the song awoke some potent echo in her heart, or music yielded to contemplation, and she wandered unconsciously and silently into strange labyrinths of thought. What was she singing now? *Voi che sapete*, say, or perhaps Zerlina's charming *Vedrai carino*.

She stopped at last, quite suddenly—she became conscious of the presence of some one else in the room—she could hear some one breathing behind her, could feel her hair swaying gently under the influence of the breath. She turned quickly, rather frightened.

Pale and gaunt, trembling, supporting himself by a chair, up and dressed, stood Wilford Hadfield, a strangely moved expression in his face. Vi exclaimed in her surprise.

"Forgive me," he said in a low voice. "I fear I have startled you."

"Are you not imprudent? How did you manage to come down?" Vi asked, hurriedly.

"Your singing," he said, "it seems to me, would bring back the dead; do not wonder that it charmed me down from my sick-room, weak as I am—weaker even than I thought—I had to cling by the banisters a good deal, yet I managed to enter here quietly. Pray forgive me, and continue to sing."

"But this is very imprudent; the doctor will scold you when he knows of it. You may catch cold again. You may retard your recovery terribly by this over-exertion!"

"No matter; I have heard you sing. It has been a balm to my pains and troubles. Pray sing again."

This appeal was so urgent, so weighted by tone and glance, that Violet could not but comply. She sang a few bars, but somehow a strange feeling possessed and awed her; her voice trembled.

"No," she said, with a slight agitation; "I can sing no more to-night," and she closed the piano.

"Thank you! you have an angel's voice, Violet. God bless you!"

He took one of her delicate hands into his, pressed it tenderly, raised it to his lips. Then, with a start, he let it fall, trembled violently, and but for Violet's aid would have fallen. The tears stood in Violet's eyes, and her heart beat with painful quickness. A new emotion—marvellous, half painful,—seemed to be restless in her heart. What could it mean?

With some difficulty the invalid regained his room.

CHAPTER VIII. MADGE.

THE sisters occupied one bedroom.

Long after Madge had drifted into a deep sleep—she had kept awake to the last moment, talking upon all sorts of subjects with customary volubility; one or two of her more recent observations had indeed been in regard to topics well understood probably in dreamland, but slightly vague and meaningless in more material regions—long after this Violet Fuller's deep gray eyes were full open, painfully open, with a feeling that rest would not come to them; that a whirl of thoughts oppressed her brain, dazing and fevering; that there was a trouble within her that warred against and hindered repose. How she envied the per-

fect slumber of her sister—Madge of the large heart, with room in it for a universal affection, with her love not yet individualized and concentrated and brought to a focus; not yet in its immaturity appreciating the whole felicity of which it was capable, but still free from one single throb of pain, one suspicion of uneasiness! Madge, deep asleep, unconscious, beautiful, happy; and Violet, the calm, the placid, the apparently impassive, whence had gone that charm of perfect repose, soothing as soft music, which had been formerly one of her especial characteristics? Why that hectic color in her cheeks? Why that new brilliance in her eyes? She raised her hands to smooth her hair from her forehead, and was startled to find how fiercely it burned, how violently beat the pulsings of her temple. She could no longer evade the question that seemed to present itself to her on every side with the persistence of persecution. *Did she love?*

Yesterday there had been no thought of such a matter. The rich stores of her heart were hidden from all; she was content with her life, had no wish unfulfilled, no ambition to satisfy. Through what agency was it that light from without had now stolen to those latent treasures and betrayed their value and beauty to herself, to the world? for so it seemed now, what was so clear to herself must be as apparent to others. She loved furtively, screened as she thought by her serenity, yet it needed but a glance from *his* eyes, a pressure from *his* hand, to reveal the whole secret, to tear away her mask. A sense of shame came over her at being discovered, a sense of unworthiness; with her reputation for good sense and propriety of demeanor, (some of the Grilling Abbots ladies had even accused her of prudery!) the head of her father's household, filling a mother's part to her younger sister, ought she to have gone down in this effortless way, at the first hint? The tears rushed into her eyes, and she sobbed audibly. It was quite as well that Madge was a sound sleeper.

Her compassion had betrayed her, into love; her pity for the sufferer—her sympathy—had brought about this cruel result, for it *was* cruel; she had never before in her whole life felt so truly miserable, and but for that overt act of homage that night dur-

ing her singing her secret had been kept, she should never have known the state of her heart, all would have been well. She wished that she had never learned how to sing, that her voice had gone—at least for that night—that she had never thought of opening the piano. What mad freak prompted her to do so? She had not for a very long while done such a thing. But for *that* she had been safe and happy, and Wilford would have got well and left them, and she had never dreamed of loving him. *Left them?* She had never contemplated *that* before. Would he leave them? Leave *her*? Now that—yes! now that she loved him? For she could not help it, and she owned she loved him. Would he go away from the cottage forever? O Heaven! she would sooner die than such a thing should happen. Never to see him more; It would be death!

And then, of course, more tears.

This was in the first turbulence of her new discovery. By and by came calmer thoughts. Did *he* love *her*? And her cheeks crimsoned. What happiness if he did! What to her were all the stories about his past life? Did she not know him in the present? Had he not borne the pains of his malady with the patience of a saint? Yes; he loved her! She had read it in his eyes—eyes glowing with truth—eyes that could not lie. He loved her—perhaps—very likely—certainly—oh, he must! there could be no doubt about it! And with that solacing thought hugged tight to her heart Violet Fuller at last fell heavily asleep.

How habit masters emotion! It would have needed a very close observer indeed to have remarked any change in Violet Fuller's manner as on the morrow she pursued her wonted domestic duties. To all appearance her demeanor was the same as usual—simple and calm as ever. Perhaps, on closer study, a certain undercurrent of restlessness might have been detected; but its manifestations were but slight, the surface was singularly unruffled. Doctor Fuller perceived no change, nor did Sister Madge—if Wilford Hadfield noticed it, he held his peace upon the matter.

Words are hardly necessary to lovers; certainly they are not needed at the commencement of love; it is at later stages that oral evidence is wanted by way of con-

firmation to remove all doubts and satisfy by-standers. But at first, eyes are sufficiently eloquent, and manner tells the story pretty plainly. Perhaps it is better that happiness should come to us at first in not too unqualified a way; it is better to begin not so much "with a little aversion" as with a little uncertainty as to the issue. Violet looked into Wilford's eyes and doubted; Wilford read Violet's glances and trembled—yet each saw enough to make them both very happy. For there is not so much unhappiness in uncertainty as some people would have us believe.

As time went on Wilford regained health and strength. He was still very pale and gaunt, but it was evident that his illness had wrought a great change in him. He looked much older, and he had acquired a certain air of sedateness—an attribute of middle life—which was new to him. Before, he had been reckless, listless; as a young man he had been rash, hot-headed, impulsive, with yet occasional fits of vacillation. His resoluteness had not been lasting; the opinions he took up strenuously one day he relinquished carelessly the next, unless some unexpected opposition brought into prominent action the obstinacy which was said to be a family characteristic of the Hadfields—an hereditary possession. Perhaps it is the nature of such a trait as this to strengthen with age. Certainly the lines about his mouth had deepened of late, evidencing an increased determination, a growth of power of will, while yet his large dark eyes were comparatively quenched; they no longer sparkled with that fierceness which had first alarmed Madge, and excited the attention of the company at the George Inn. Were they softened and liquefied by love?

It was some weeks after Violet had made the discovery—which other ladies, be it said, have often enough made before her—that her heart was of combustible material, and that fire had been brought dangerously near it, or that it was itself capable of generating flame on the least admission to it of influence from without. No further words bringing revelation with them had escaped from Wilford; yet much was signified, so it seemed to Violet, by that mute homage, that air of deference, that delicacy of conduct a man cannot resist exhibiting towards the woman he loves, and in which Wilford did not fail. Perhaps she was tempted to lay exaggerated

stress upon all the trivialities of daily life which were ceaselessly bringing Wilford near to her. Did it not seem, indeed, that he had made it a study to anticipate her slightest wish? For it was his turn now to wait upon her. It was for him, now, to gather at all risks the flowers she loved, to take interest in all the pursuits of her life, to assist her in her drawing and painting, to turn the leaves of her music, and laud in a low voice the beauty of her singing. How small such things seem to all but those immediately concerned in them, but how great, enhanced, and gilded, and glorified by love, to the actors in the scene! The chronicles of the small beer of love are matters of extreme moment to lovers, and justice has hardly been done to them by the rest of the world, nor patience nor forbearance sufficiently shown. What very simple words and phrases seem to be italicized and large-typed by love; what poor matters are enriched by it; what slight actions magnified; until a world of affection is conveyed in a glance, the devotion of a life in the handing of a chair, or an eternal tenderness in the lifting of a teacup! How large an affection seems to live in that "little language" Jonathan Swift prattled in his journal to poor Stella! And it is the same in all love's doings to the end of the chapter. There is great passion in small, very small proceedings. Love is the apotheosis of petty things; and Cupid turns the world upside down, and makes the rich poor, and the poor rich. Soft accents become of more value than bank-notes—sighs than sovereigns; words are more precious than gold, and moonshine is a legal tender. A very insane state of things indeed!

"I must leave you very soon, now, doctor."

"Leave us? *Must?* Why?"

"I have been here too long already," answered Wilford, looking down.

"Don't talk nonsense," quoth the doctor, bluntly.

"But I am well now. I trespass upon your hospitality. I overtask your kindness. I have no right—"

"My dear boy, I'll tell you when we've had enough of you; and be sure it won't be for some time yet. Or is it that you tire of the cottage? that our simple mode of life here wearies you?"

"No, indeed, doctor, it is not so," Wilford said, with almost superfluous fervor.

"I have been—am—very happy here."

"Then why go?"

"Sometime or other I must quit you," and he took the doctor's hand, pressing it, "but never without a deep sense of the gratitude I owe you. You have been indeed a friend to me."

"Pooh! stuff! And that's the reason you wish to run away from me as quickly as possible? That's why you contradict me, and upset all my plans?"

"No, doctor, indeed not; but I, too, have plans to carry out, and now that I am well again—"

"Not too much of that, Master Wilford. I hope you have not left off your quinine mixture in reliance on this fancied strength. It's madness to talk of running away yet. You must wait some months, at least. Besides, where will you go? To the Grange?"

"Never!" Wilford answered, firmly.

"Where then?" asked the doctor, rather anxiously.

"To London."

"What will you do there? I see you are tired of our dull rural life. You want gayer society. The racket and whirl and desperate brilliancy of London."

"No. For my part I could be content to remain here forever. But that, you know, doctor, cannot be."

"But the Grange—"

"Is not mine. Have I a right to tax Steenie—to be a perpetual burden to him? If it were even right that I should do so, still I have some pride left. Could I bear to live as his dependant? However kindness might veil it, the fact would be unchanged—tenant of a house not my own, in sight of lands lost to me by my own folly—yes, and sin. Is that the position you would ask me to accept? Is it one I ought to accept? Put my father's will out of the question—though some thought might be given to that, to its spirit and to its letter—ask yourself if it would become me, still young, gaining strength day by day—of mind, let us hope, as well as body—to become dependent upon my younger brother, and take toll, as it were, of property fairly his, and his children's after him. Could I do this honorably—honestly?"

The doctor evaded the question.

"What do you propose to do?" he asked, in a low voice.

"I will resign the name of Hadfield, lest—I lest I bring further shame upon it. I will leave here for London; I will work for my living: I will try to win a good name for myself, and to make that name respected; I will toil heart and soul—with my intellect if I can—with this right arm should that fail me."

"Why these are the strange schemes you entertained before your illness," exclaimed the doctor, gravely.

"Yes, the same."

"I thought to have cured all that."

"Do you think that, during my long suffering up-stairs, I have not thought of these things over and over again? Do you fancy I was lying there mindless—a mere log? Do you think I have not thoroughly worked out these plans in my mind? If they were founded on error, surely I had time and opportunity then to detect it. They have been thoroughly winnowed, trust me. Had they been wholly worthless you should have heard no more of them—indeed, there would have been no more to tell of them. But they are right and true. You know it, good friend."

"No, no, I know nothing of the kind; I think them all stuff and nonsense, and egregious folly, and I'm sorry the medicine I have given you hasn't done you more good. I thought it would have cleared your brain of these mad cobwebs. I little thought while you were safe in bed up-stairs that you were damaging your mind by turning over all these absurdities in it."

"Was I to learn nothing from the past, or the present? But," he added, with a strange nervousness, and the color flushing his face, "if there should be another reason, a most powerful reason, for my leaving you—"

"I'll hear no more," said the doctor, running away, "or by Heaven the boy will convince me against my will! Why, he's as obstinate as all the Hadfields put together. He's the worst of the lot—the Hadfields? Bah! as the old gentleman himself added to the sum of them."

"If he knew that I loved his daughter!" cried Wilford passionately; "would he not rather drive me from his door than press me to remain? And I do love her! How good,

how pure, how beautiful she is! Violet! dear Violet!" Then, after a pause, "And she—does she love me? Can it be? Oh, how unworthy I am of such happiness. Love me? O God, if I thought that—but I must go, at once, and forever. I must never see her more," and he buried his face in his hands, trembling very much.

Madge burst noisily, breathlessly, into the drawing-room, where Violet was busily at work with her needle.

"O Vi! what do you think is going to happen? I was passing the parlor-door, and I couldn't help hearing. No, I wasn't listening on purpose, indeed I wasn't; only, of course, I ran off when papa came out, for I thought he might think I had been."

"What's the matter, Madge?"

"Wait a moment, I'm rather out of breath. But Wilford—"

"What of him?" asked Violet, in an eager voice.

"I heard him say that—"

"Make haste, Madge dear."

"Well, then, he's going away, going to leave us!"

"To leave us?" Vi almost screamed.

"Yes. Oh, isn't it a shame!"

"But when—when?"

"Immediately—as soon as he can—as soon as papa will let him. Why, what's the matter, Vi? Don't look like that! Speak, Vi, say something! Oh, how white she is!"

Violet had dropped her work to place her hands upon her heart, there was a strange look of suffering in her face, the color quitted her cheeks—her lips; half fainting, she was supported by her sister.

"O Madge, if he should go!" she moaned in a very troubled voice.

Poor Madge was terribly puzzled at all this. She had never dreamt of her news, important although she had judged it, creating effects so marvellous. Vi moved in this way; Vi, her elder sister, so little susceptible of emotion as she had deemed her, who always checked demonstration of feeling as much as possible; who, as a rule, received her younger sister's important communications with a calmness that had been only too provoking; Vi quivering like a lily in a tempest, and clutching Madge's arm to save herself from falling! Why, it was like

a dream—quite like a dream, and Madge was almost frightened at it!

"What is the matter, Vi, dear?" she cried, as she assumed the rôle of protectress, playing it with much grace and much heartiness, it must be admitted, hugging her elder sister closely and kissing her impetuously as though to bring the color back to her pallid face.

"If he should leave me!" poor Violet continued to falter.

A new light seemed to shine upon bewildered Madge. Her child-heart seemed to be possessed of a new intelligence. It was as though she had by chance made a new and great discovery. Could it be really what she thought it was—what she had read of in books, and heard of from others, and sometimes pictured hazily and wonderingly to herself? Was this really what she fancied it must be? It was like—and yet it was quite different! How strange! And Madge felt herself indeed a woman, as she put her red lips to Violet's ear—her heart beating terribly the while; her face a bright crimson—and murmured in soft, fond accents,—

"O Vi, you love him!"

And Violet buried her face on her sister's shoulder; and then, how silly, how absurd, how tender, how feminine, why then of course the two dear creatures cried copiously, their arms twined tightly round each other!

They indulged with abandonment in that female panacea for a troubled state of the nerves and the sensibilities, "a good cry," and emerged from it, a little tumbled it may be, with a decided crimson upon their eyelids, and yet a hint of it—it seems harsh to mention the fact with public opinion what it is in regard to it—and after all it didn't detract a mite from their beauty—with just a tinge of the same color about the regions of their noses; and their hair, down, of course—and ruffled, till Madge's was like a furze bush in the shine of sunset.

But soon Violet recovered herself, smoothing her tresses and wiping away the tear-streaks on her cheeks; fanning herself with her handkerchief to cool her flushed face. Something of her customary calmness returned, while to it was added an earnestness that was new to her.

"Mind, Madge, dearest, you must never reveal a syllable of this to any one."

"No, Vi, I never will. I solemnly promise."

"Not to any one; not even papa—certainly not to—Wilford. I would not have him know it for the world."

"I'll be very careful, Vi."

"Thank you, Madge. Are my eyes very red? Do I look as though I'd been crying? I'll go up-stairs and bathe my face. Take great care, Madge, darling, what you say and do."

"I will; I will."

And Madge sauntered into the garden. Indeed, there hardly seemed to be room for her in the house—she had grown so much taller during the last half-hour—such a sense of importance had come upon her. She was the depository of so tremendous a secret; she had passed from childhood to womanhood at one bound. She was a woman quite now—the confidant of another woman, and the other woman in love; and the other woman Vi, her elder sister; and she, Madge, had discovered her sister's secret unassisted, all by herself, entirely of her own superior sagacity. She quite glowed with pleasure at this evidence of her cleverness. Vi in love! How strange—how nice—for all the world like a story-book—really in love—a romance in three volumes carrying on in the cottage, and she, Madge, a character in it—a sharer in the plot—an important person in the novel—the sister of the heroine—it was almost as good as being the heroine herself.

"And how will it end?" Madge asked herself. "Oh, in the proper way, of course. If Vi loves him, why of course he must love Vi. How can he help it; and she so nice-looking and clever as she is? I'm sure there isn't a prettier girl about here for miles than my sister Vi, bless her. Why, there's Wilford in the garden! He's certainly handsome, though he is so thin. Well, I almost think that if Vi hadn't fallen in love with him, I should have."

What is the fascination about risk? Why do people love to skate on dangerous ice; to hover near the brink of precipices? Why did Madge, full of her sister's secret, long to prattle to Wilford Hadfield, and hover in her converse so close upon the confines of the secret? Yet there was an extraordinary charm for her in this. There was a consciousness of power and importance in thus

talking with a man concerning whom she was in possession of information so important. It was unwise sport. Because the sense of her position was so new to her, it made her quite giddy; the secret was effervescing terribly; it was difficult to stop babbling. She was like a bottle of sparkling Moselle with the wire off; the cork might fly out at any moment; her red lips might part, and the secret might be bubbling all over the place in no time.

She looked at Wilford and thought that he really ought to love Sister Vi; and then came a tangle of thoughts. What relation would he be to her, Madge, supposing he married Vi? Oh, yes; why, brother-in-law, of course. And where would they live? and who would perform the ceremony? Oh, Mr. Mainstone of course, at Grilling Abbots church. And how many bridesmaids ought there to be?—and would the bride wear a veil, or a watered silk bonnet and orange blossoms—how pretty! and so on.

"You're not going to leave us, Mr. Wilford?"

"Yes, indeed, Miss Madge, I am."

"I heard you say so in the parlor, but I don't believe a word of it. Papa won't let you go, and I won't let you go; and I'm quite sure that V——" and then she stopped suddenly, and turned down her eyes, for Wilford's were fixed upon her rather curiously.

"Quite sure of what, Madge?"

"Nothing, only that you sha'n't go away" and she thought she had recovered from her trip rather cunningly, "why should you? you're not well yet, for one thing; you're not half strong enough yet."

"But I cannot stay here forever, you know, Madge."

"Why not? Aint you happy here? Can we do more to make you comfortable? Can I? can—" she stopped, blushing terribly.

"What does the child mean?" Wilford asked himself; "does she suspect me?"

"Should you miss me, Madge, if I were to go?"

"You know I should."

"And be sorry?"

"Very sorry. But you'd come back, wouldn't you, come back very soon?" Wilford shook his head.

"Never, Madge," he said.

"Never! You don't mean that? Never?"

Oh, how shameful, how cruel, how unkind," and the tears glistened in her great, blue eyes. "You'll leave us forever? Oh, don't say that—don't say that—no—" and Madge forgot all caution—"no, not to Vi—not to Vi. Why, it would kill her. You cruel man."

"Not to Violet? Again Violet," Wilford murmured, and he grasped Madge's hands and drew her towards him. "Why not to Violet?" he asked eagerly, trying to look into her face, which she hung down, burying her chin in her neck. "Tell me, Madge, quick."

"Don't ask me, please don't. Oh, what have I said? and let go my hands; and let me go, do, there's a good, kind Mr. Wilford."

"Tell me, Madge. No, I won't let you go, till you tell me."

"Oh, I mustn't—I mustn't."

"Would Violet be sorry?"

"Please don't ask me; please don't."

"Would Violet be sorry? quick, quick."

"Yes, I—I think she would."

"More so than you—than any one?"

"Y—e—s."

"She has told you so—she has said this herself?"

"Y—e—s—O! O! O! Let me go." And she bounded away—free—frightened—crying.

"How angry Violet will be; how cruel of him to make me tell him! What a little silly I've been!" and Madge began to think she had better have relied less on the strength of her newly discovered womanhood; better have been still a child, even if she had gone that afternoon bird's-nesting with Tommy Eastwood, as had been at one time proposed and settled between them.

"She loves me—she loves me!" And Wilford passed his hand across his damp forehead.

Another moment and with a radiant face he had passed into the house—into the drawing-room, where Violet, with partially recovered placidity was sitting trying to work.

PESTILENT SHIPS.—Sometimes a ship has become so notoriously sickly that her name has become a name of dread, and has been changed. In the case of one such ship, the *Rosamond*, formerly the *Eclair*, the ventilation between decks was found to be most imperfect, and "there was a considerable accumulation of filth under the magazine." Forty cases of fever broke out between April and June, '56, in the *Eurotas*, while in the Mediterranean. Her medical officer was "unable to account for the disease, unless it arose from the extreme lowness and closeness of the deck on which the men were berthed." In May, '58, there was an outbreak of fever in the *Valorous*, when on the way from Ferrol to Plymouth: the sole ascertainable cause defective ventilation. "Air," said Sir Gilbert Blane, "contaminated by foul and stagnant exhalations, particularly those from the living body, is the ascertained cause of typhus fever, which has been a more grievous and general source of sickness and mortality in the navy than even the scurvy. The infection of fever is generated by the breath and perspiration of men crowded for a length of time in confined air, and without the means of personal cleanliness." Lord Herbert put the country on the road to mighty changes; and lives enough to make a brigade of men are now saved every year through his exertions. There is still more to be done. Wholesome air to sleep in is a first requisite of health certainly not yet secured in every barrack or on board of every Queen's ship. Fever broke out in the *Princess Royal* when she was conveying troops from Malta to Alexandria, in January, '58.

Boisterous weather made it necessary to keep the ports, both on the main and lower deck, barred in during nearly the whole of the passage. The disease was checked by bringing the men up to the main deck. But the *Princess Royal*, though a new ship, had been always sickly; imperfect ventilation of the sleeping space being the sole assignable reason. Whatever the disease, the want of fresh air by the sick will beget or strengthen it. The *Megara*, in '58, put off from Calcutta with cholera on board. At sea the cholera increased. There came boisterous weather, the main deck ports had to be kept shut, and the sick therefore were brought on deck and placed under an awning. From that time, though an eighth part of the crew had perished, and the disease was then making head, the cholera subsided, and soon disappeared. In the *Britannia*, when she was in the Black Sea, just before the sailing of the expedition to the Crimea, within five days two hundred and twenty-nine of a crew of nine hundred and twenty were attacked with cholera, and of these one hundred and thirty-nine died. There were also four hundred cases of diarrhoea. The ship had put to sea to get rid of the disease on its first showing itself, and the change seemed to be beneficial until rough weather came, and the lower deck ports had to be closed. Then, on the following night, cholera broke out with all its fury. As soon as the crew could be removed into some empty transports the scourge vanished, after destroying twice as many men as were killed in the whole fleet by the enemy's fire in the attack on the sea batteries of Sebastopol.—*All the Year Round*.

PART V.

It was nearly noon when the young girl reached the Brezimberg. In spite of the white *marin*, which, like a bluish vapor, hung its clouds some feet above the land, numerous spectators had already assembled on the ground. The fences of the neighboring marshes, the wagons and vehicles, formed, in the same way as on the day of the races, a circus on the *lande*; only, according to the curious custom at the branding, the herd of bulls itself formed one side of the enclosure. Pressed one against another, and guarded by some mounted keepers, the young bulls were kept compact. A burning brasier and some branding-irons were placed in the middle of the arena.

The Brezimberg is a steppe surrounded by deep marshes, and extends its sandy level between the sea and the pine-wood of the Sauvage. It was in the midst of this grayish *lande*—in which at distances some water-thistles reddened and rare tamarisks flourished—that the branding enclosure had been formed. Dull as the sky which overshadowed them, the silent spectators wrapped themselves in their clothes; but, bringing the damp from the sea, the exhalations from the marshes, and emanations from the pools, the fatal wind of the *marin* pierced the thickest coverings, made the limbs feel heavy, and caused that strange torpor of the spirits which, as the precursor of fevers, reminds one of the deadly stupor induced by the *sirocco*. Coming suddenly to change the conditions of the atmosphere, and to replace a burning heat by chill fogs, the *marin* is the greatest scourge of La Camargue. It enfeebles the body, decays walls, oxidizes metals, and spreads a veil of sadness over the country. Every sound appears ominous under these heavy clouds, which come creeping like ghosts over the earth. The sea roars with fury on the shore; the wind whistles sharply in the pine-woods; the cries of the gull sound like a brass trumpet in the clouds; the murmur of the rushes which bend on the marshes resembles groans, and the bellowings of the bulls have the depth of thunder.

Lighted by the pale light of the *marin*, enveloped by clouds like mourning veils, the circus of the Brezimberg presented almost a funeral aspect. Buried in their capes, and their felt hats pulled over their eyes, the keepers held their tridents in readiness. No music sounded from the esplanade—for there were no hautboys on the branding days. Instead of the joyous spectacle of the race, it is a dangerous work, for which presence of mind is needed.

The proprietor to whom the herd of young bulls belonged having looked at his watch,

rose up in his chaise and gave orders to commence. Although keepers from all the districts were gathered at the Brezimberg, the proprietor only addressed himself to those of his own herd—those alone whom he had a right to order; but whether, that, knowing better the strength of their cattle, they dared not attack them, or that the influence of the *marin* had paralyzed their limbs, none stirred. In spite of new orders, the keepers looked at each other with a significant air. "It is a tempting of misfortune," said one of them, in a low voice, shrugging his benumbed shoulders—"to descend to-day into the arena is to risk catching two deaths—one from the horns of the young bulls, another from the *marin*." "Without the *labeck* (the wind from the south-east) to give courage, the branding is too dangerous," said another.

Vainly did the proprietor of the bulls gesticulate, encourage, and promise a good sum for drink-money. Anxious and oppressed by the *marin*, the crowd awaited in silence. But hope suddenly lighted all faces, a sort of joyful tremor ran through the dull assembly. The keepers ranged themselves in front of the troop—the irons were put in the revived brasier; and, as if they understood that the hour of punishment was at hand, the young bulls bellowed lustily, and Manidette's heart beat fast; for, mounted on his steed, Bamboche appeared on the skirts of the Brezimberg. Leaping briskly from his mare, and throwing off his cloak, the young keeper descended into the arena with as sprightly an air as if the humid *marin* had not obscured the sky. "Must a stranger do your branding, then?" cried he to the confused keepers. "Is it earning your wages loyally to refuse to mark your master's initials on the young bulls of his herd? Would you wait till they are full-grown? You know well that it is easier to throw a calf than a young bull, and a young bull than a palusin. The most essential thing for a keeper is that he should be respected by his herd. The bulls have memory the same as mankind, and, recollecting your cowardice by and by, they will make victims of you. If it is the *marin* which paralyzes you, I shall show you how to triumph alike over pestiferous clouds and perverse bulls."

And he leaped towards the bulls. "The irons!" he shouted, in a thundering voice. Suddenly seizing one of these animals by the horns, he flung him on his flank, just as a keeper came up with a red-hot iron in his hand. The latter applied the instrument to the thigh of the young bull, who bellowed and struggled. When Bamboche set him free, he fled towards the pine-wood, bearing the initials of his master forever graven on his smoking flesh.

If fear is contagious, courage is perhaps still more so. Electrified by the example of Bamboche, the keepers one and all threw off their capes, and descended into the arena to cast the young bulls. A few old men alone remained around the herd to keep them in order. Terrified by the treatment which they saw inflicted on their companion, the panting bulls beheld the brasier with horror. It was necessary to prick them severely to make them leave the ranks; but as soon as they reached the arena they recovered all their courage, and, furious and foaming, they struggled violently with those who wished to throw them. It was soon a regular *mêlée*, where might be seen the heavy masses of bulls and the agile bodies of the keepers rolling together in the same dust—the deep bellowsings of the animals mingled with the sharp shouts of men, whilst the loud call for “The irons! The irons!” told every minute that a fresh animal was subdued.

After two hours of this fierce struggle, in which Bamboche worked harder than all the other keepers put together, the satisfied proprietor re-ascended his chaise, and proclaimed that the branding was finished. There were still some bulls left; but the preceding year these had already been pronounced too strong to be marked without danger, and the master felt, that, if he did not wish to risk the life of his keepers, he must make the sacrifice of them. Strong, thick-set, with tawny tails and bristling hair, these marsh bulls belonged to the most savage species; they looked at the arena with blood-shot eyes, and bent on the ground, as if to sharpen them, their pointed horns, which were as hard as steel swords.

Everybody, thinking the branding over, prepared to return homewards. The spectators shook their clothes, which were wetted with that heavy moisture which is peculiar to the *marin*, and which is a thousand times more dangerous than the wet from rain; keepers drew over their steaming bodies their clothes, torn by the horns of the young bulls; others stanchd the blood of wounds; the brasier was extinguished. Bamboche drew near to Manidette. She had already left the platform on which she had been seated, and was arranging the folds of her little shawl over her shoulders. On seeing Bamboche, she held out her hand to him. The Keeper had formed a strong resolution—he wished by a bold stroke to emerge this very day from that state of poverty which forbade him to aspire to the hand of the salter's daughter.

“Give me the kiss of betrothment, maiden,” said he, with an accent of energetic confidence; “and I vow, that before the *labeck* blows I shall have won the finest

herd in the Sauvage. I shall be rich, and your hand will not be refused me.”

Astonished and excited, Manidette presented her cheek to Bamboche, who, from timidity, novel to him, scarcely dared to touch her lips. Leaping into the arena, the young man relighted the extinguished embers—put to heat the irons bearing the letter B—then drew near to the proprietor of the cattle. “Master,” said he, stopping his horse, “do you think it would be fair to acknowledge the assistance I have given to your branding to-day?”

“Certainly! And I should have already offered a good reward, had I not known that it is always your custom to refuse such.”

“It is true; and assuredly I would ask nothing, if I was free as I have been until now,” replied Bamboche; “but I love a young girl, and I cannot marry her unless I have some wealth. Modest and delicate, she has not feared to expose her reputation and her life to render me a great service; in my turn, should I not do something for her?”

“What do you wish? If your demand is reasonable, I am ready to grant it.”

“Will you give me all the young bulls that I can cast and mark to my own account?” replied Bamboche, showing the bulls which had been spared as too dangerous.

The proprietor looked at the Keeper with surprise.

“I should willingly consent, my poor boy,” said he to him; “but it is thy life, *peccaire!* that I should trifle with, and I should have remorse for granting thee this favor.”

And, as the Keeper persisted, “Let it be then according to thy will!” said the proprietor, curious, in spite of himself, to see by what means Bamboche would conquer the fierce marsh bulls.

“The irons! The irons!” shouted the young Keeper immediately; and tying a red handkerchief round his head, he took his trident and bestrode his horse, which neighed and shook its white mane as if to animate itself to the combat.

Long since the crowd had set forth from the Brezimberg *lande*; the cataps already glided over the shore; the great wheels of the carts had begun to trace ruts through the rushes of the marshes; the pedestrians followed those who were mounted with quick steps; the asses trotted by the side of the canals; the keepers tried to quiet the newly branded animals in the pine-wood. Escorted by a brilliant staff, Paradette had retaken the reins of her little cart. Alone motionless as a wall of ebony, the bulls, fascinated, fixed a savage eye on the brazier, which

burned anew, fanned by the wind. But like a train of gunpowder, which kindles along its path, the news that a branding of the strong bulls was going to be attempted by Bamboche ran suddenly over the whole Brezimberg. The chaises returned, the wagons stopped, the foot-passengers seated themselves; wine-sellers, keepers, landowners, and salters,—all, in short, wished to be present at the unlooked-for spectacle.

A lurid light suddenly breaking through the clouds lighted up the Brezimberg. As if he had waited for that luminous ray to begin the combat, Bamboche seated himself firmly on his saddle, took his trident in one hand, and in the other a red-hot iron, and, pricking a bull, he made him leave the herd; and having chased him into the midst of the *lande*, he pursued, and ran him down. Perfectly understanding his work, the horse of the Keeper manœuvred around the bull without needing to be guided by reins, voice, or spur. His wild nature made him delight in this energetic chase. In this bull he saw an enemy whom his master wanted to conquer; and, with admirable instinct, by turns he leaped, pranced, or stopped. The horse and the Keeper seemed to be one.

Darting at full speed, Bamboche, trident in hand, suddenly rushed upon the bull, wounded him on the shoulder, and caused him to fall upon the sand. With one hand he held him fast, whilst with the other he quickly applied the iron to his flank. This bold manner of attacking the bull on horse-back, and of overturning him with a blow of the trident, greatly excited the spectators. There was danger that the furious bull in rising would gore Bamboche; and everybody entreated him to give up this dangerous and unusual mode of attack.

"A cast bull, instead of thinking of avenging himself, only thinks of escaping," answered he, pointing to the animal, which, branded, bleeding, and full of rage, was bounding towards the pine-wood to hide his shame. Then the Keeper returned to his task. Until nightfall, without receiving the least scratch, Bamboche pricked, pursued, wearied, brought back, and marked, the bulls.

"You have well earned your herd, Bamboche," said the proprietor, shaking his hand, "and even something more. So I present you, most willingly, with Drapeau for a leader. This shall be my wedding-gift."

"Drapeau is my oldest friend—I accept him with gratitude," said Bamboche.

"Here! Drapeau!" cried the owner to the peaceable ox, which, standing motionless near the brasier, looked like a large watch-dog.

The massive animal came, as quickly as his heavy legs and the large dewlap which undulated on his breast would permit.

"I shall never have the heart to brand him," said Bamboche, caressing the good beast, who drew near to the red-hot iron without apprehension.

"Would you prefer slitting his ears, as some proprietors do?" asked the owner, offering Bamboche an immense pair of shears.

"No," answered the Keeper, looking at the long silky ears of the bell-leader, which, like two velvet wings adorned each side of his head. Then he added, taking the shears, "This is the only mark for my pacific friend." And kneeling, he cut a large B on his thick fur.

Drapeau never stirred the whole time; and, as if he had understood that instead of being simply his keeper Bamboche had become his master, he licked his hands, as soon as the operation was finished.

"Go, good Drapeau—go and collect my herd," said Bamboche, with that untranslatable accent of a man who tastes the joy of possession for the first time.

Although the night advanced, and the *marin* became worse and worse, and though the clothes of the peasants were as wet as if they had been dipped in water, nobody seemed to think of going.

Groups of men were formed on the *lande*, and women in their carts, chattering to each other. Except for the joy and good-will which shone on every countenance, it might have been thought there was some plot in hand. There is in the triumph of a dauntless man a prestige which charms and attracts the crowds. It is sad to think that happiness and success are always more interesting than misfortune and suffering. If the branding had been a failure, Bamboche would certainly have been pitied, but nobody would have dreamed of indemnifying him for his disappointment. Proprietor of the finest herd in the Sauvage, they felt proud of him, because he belonged to themselves; and when seated by the side of the salter's daughter as her avowed lover, the whole population decided upon offering him Sangard as an earnest of their admiration and respect.

"Sangard is the father of the young bulls which Bamboche has just marked so courageously—it is right that he should have him also," said some. "Bamboche has long done us service at the brandings, and amused us at the chase, so we in our turn should tax ourselves to give him his favorite bull," said others. "If it should cost a hundred crowns, we must not be stopped from buying the finest of the marsh bulls, to give it to

the most courageous of the keepers," added others.

"Let the Sangard be quickly sought for!" was shouted on all sides.

The keepers sent in various directions, aided by their bell-leaders, soon returned, escorting the King of the Marshes. A deputation of peasants brought him to Bamboche. "May I then mark him also to my account?" said the young keeper, whose eye brightened at the sight of Sangard. "Thanks!" added he, with emotion, holding his hand to his friends.

"Accept him without marking him; he knows thee too well; he would be avenging himself. Take care, the hour is late; he is on his own ground; thou art weary—he has too much advantage of thee."

The fog and the darkness of the night fell together on the ground; it was no longer easy to distinguish objects in the dense mist. In spite of the efforts which the peasants made to retain him, the young Keeper, armed with a red-hot iron, pricked Sangard with the trident, and disappeared into the depths of the marsh with him, where, like an ominous barrier, the *marin* raised up its grayish clouds. Crouched by the brasier, Manidette seemed to draw from its warmth courage not to die of anxiety. Some minutes, which seemed ages, elapsed. Suddenly, a dull sound was heard from the pine-wood, and hoarse shouts calling for the irons mingled with terrible bellowings. The peasants left their wagons hastily, to lend assistance to Bamboche; and the keepers, armed with irons, rushed in the direction of the shouts. Manidette alone had not courage to follow them. After having vainly attempted to rise, she sank without strength near the brasier, which the wetness of the *marin* had almost extinguished; afterwards, she retook with tottering limbs the way to Sansouire—but she could still hear the joyous shouts which celebrated the last victory of the intrepid keeper.

A month had hardly gone ere a joyous peal of bells announced a marriage to the inhabitants of Saintes Maries. As soon as the first tinklings of the bells were heard, the peasants in groups lined the border of the marshes to see the nuptial procession pass. "Maybe the bridegroom will disdain us now that he has become a rich man." "Possibly he will go to church in a chaise and with a round waistcoat," added others. "I am sure that Manidette will still have her shawl of the color of dead leaves and her head-dress with great lappets," said Paradette, in a disdainful tone, as she joined the crowd on the arm of her hussar, a handsome cachemere from Nîmes coquettishly arranged on her shoulders.

The procession set forth from Sansouire. Mounted on his horse—which, more fiery than ever, pranced gayly—a red handkerchief on his head and his scarlet scarf rolled round his waist, Bamboche opened the march. Next came Berzile's wagon, covered with new canvas. In the bottom on two chairs, erect and serious, like salters of the olden time, Fennète and Caroubie were seated, whilst Manidette remained standing by the side of her father. This custom—the young bride not to be seated in going to the church—is intended to show that she has not been brought up in idleness, and that she is able to bear fatigue. The young girl wore her crimped cap, her dress of printed calico, and the salter's green shawl—only bouquets of flowers mingled with the ribbons of her coif, and fastened to her neckerchief, showed that she was a bride. The Keeper's herd, Sangard with Drapeau at the head, closing the procession, escorted the wagon; the heifers, the young bulls, the calves, all followed, with regular tramp. At the left of the conveyance came the peaceable guests of Sansouire pressing close together in a frightened column—the timid lamb of the maiden, her pet stork, the cat of the hearth, the old blind horse of the place. This custom of making the animals who have shared the life of the betrothed pair go with them to the church is of patriarchal simplicity. Towns, villages, and hamlets, have at their nuptials the pomp of equipages—the elegant robe of the bride, the wax tapers which burn on the altar, and even the number of the guests. The marshes have the cattle for escort to their nuptials—no firing of guns, nor feast, nor dance, nor festivities, on these humble steppes, but a long train of animals, perhaps more devoted and faithful than mankind. Having reached Saintes Maries, Bamboche dismounted, and tracing before the bridge a broad furrow on the soil, he assembled his herd on one side, and on the other the flock from Sansouire. The wagon stopped in the midst. The Keeper drew near to Manidette,—

"Maiden," said he, pointing to the peaceable animals from the salt-works, "it is time to part.

The salter's daughter stepped lightly down, and, drawing a *tornitido* from her pocket, she crumbled it on the ground; then, not being able to restrain her tears, leaning on the arm of her father, she entered the church.

At the moment when the assembled crowd were praying to the Saints to bless the young couple, a sound of footsteps was heard on the flag-stones, and Alabert, in travelling garb, entered, to kneel in a corner of the chapel. The ceremony ended, he was seen

to put his gun upon his shoulder, and to set forth—his eyes full of tears.

"It is strange that Alabert should have received orders to change his station the very day of the marriage of the salter's daughter," said an old woman, looking after the Collector.

"He is going to Frontignan," added a workman; "it is very far, but it is said that he requested permission to leave La Camargue."

After the sacrament Bamboche mounted on his horse, and took Manidette *en croupe*; then, calling his cattle together, he set off. It was not until the evening that—with his wife clasped to his heart, his herd bounding on the route, and the pleasant breeze caressing his face—the Keeper reached his own home, triumphant and joyful.

Thus came to a happy conclusion that which Love alone could have brought to pass—the marriage of a herdsman and a salter's daughter—a thing almost without precedent in the annals of La Camargue.

At the present time Bamboche possesses a magnificent estate, the bulls on which are famous through the country. Like a true salter's daughter, Manidette continues steadfast to the habits of her rank. The loud voice of the Keeper still makes the marsh bulls tremble; and his vigorous arm, as formerly, still casts the young bulls in the arena. The peasants are fond of quaffing with him; but none of them take the liberty of accosting him with the familiar "thou." In fine, Bamboche has harnessed his old steed, which draws him in his chaise magisterially to the races and brandings

RESERVED SEATS WITH A RESERVATION.—Most visitors of the theatre go there to be amused; but they very often meet with diversion besides amusement. Seated in the second or third row of the boxes, after the play has begun, whilst they are closely following the performance in a peculiarly effective part of it, their attention is suddenly diverted therefrom by a party of people who have taken places in front, and who, coming in late, oblige everybody intervening between their seats and the door, to get up and make room to let them pass. This is a diversion which is not only additional, but entirely opposite to the amusement which is afforded by the players; it provokes grins and not laughter; clenched teeth, which hold in language that if uttered would perhaps incur the penalty of a crown.

Ladies and gentlemen who prefer the amusement of listening to the drama to the diversion of mind occasionally, as above described, experienced in theatres, will read with some satisfaction the annexed brief report of a little lawsuit, the result of which affords them hope of future deliverance from that unwelcome diversion:—

"MANAGERS AND PLAYGOERS.—On Saturday, at the Westminster County Court, was tried an action of Young v. Buckstone, lessee of the Haymarket Theatre. The plaintiff, on the 3d of February, took certain places in the boxes, for which he paid 35s., and received a printed receipt bearing on it the numbers of the seats Plaintiff and his friends arrived at the theatre after the first act was over, and found his engaged seats occupied. He was offered others, but he declined, and demanded back his money, which was refused, and he brought his action for the amount. The attention of the Judge was called, on the part of the defendant, to a note in the receipt, which said, 'Places secured until the end of the first act only.' The Judge, Mr. F. Bayley, held this to be fatal to the plain-

tiff's case, and entered judgment for the defendant, calling upon the plaintiff to pay the costs of four witnesses who were in attendance from the theatre to give evidence, if necessary."

Playgoers, who are accustomed to go to the play really for the purpose of seeing and hearing it, ought to be greatly obliged to Mr. Young, the plaintiff in the above-cited case of Young v. Buckstone, for having generously, out of his own pocket, obtained a legal decision which, if Mr. Buckstone's good example is generally followed by managers, will, in some measure secure them in the undisturbed pursuit of their object. Of course the plaintiff did not happen to notice the condition under which the seats were reserved, noted in the receipt for his 35s., and his lawyer, doubtless overlooked it also. Mr. Young, doubtless, never expected, or was advised, that the letter of the law would bear him out in ignoring so just a stipulation. Otherwise we should most heartily congratulate him on having lost his cause, and had to pay Mr. Buckstone's costs as well as his own, and the costs of Mr. Buckstone's four witnesses, besides having lost his £1 15s., and being deservedly laughed at for his failure in a mean and shabby attempt to "County-Court" Mr. Buckstone.—*Punch*.

A REQUIEM was performed, on the 28th of April, in the church belonging to the Convent of the Nuns of La Trinidad at Madrid, in honor of Miguel Cervantes, whose mortal remains repose in this church. The church was hung in black and gold; on the simple catafalque rising from the middle of the choir lay the Capuchin gown which the great poet had worn, a sword, a laurel wreath, and the only copy of the large original edition of "Don Quixote," still in the possession of the Royal Academy.

From The Spectator.

THE FRENCH TENDENCIES OF ENGLISH SOCIETY.

A RECENT essayist, Mr. F. Marshall, in a book not otherwise of much value, gives a very clear explanation of the special features of French society. It is, he says, "a people without a type," the one community, that is, which has as yet achieved absolute social liberty, with all its drawbacks and all its advantages. All the compressing forces which act so strongly in the other countries of Europe have been one by one destroyed. There is no aristocracy to model opinion, for the Faubourg St. Germain only professes to govern manners, and retains even that limited sway only over a clique. There is no military aristocracy, for the army is not, as in Prussia, above society, and as all ranks are accurately represented, it reflects, instead of moulding, the people from which it springs. The authority of the throne is powerful only in politics. The literary caste was always too divided to rule, and is for the hour in fetters. The mob does not impose any laws, for the French ideal is not the people but the State, and the "tyranny of the majority," is unknown. As to individual influence, there is, as Talleyrand said, no loyalty to a person left in France. Even religion, though it has an immense weight with individuals, has none with the mass, for its ministers are a caste, and, like every other caste, are more hated than revered in France. Books even have ceased to influence in any national sense, each shade of opinion having its own literature, and none having weight with all. There is no ultimate referee upon any question except the State, and as the State does not and cannot interfere much with social life, every man does what is right in his own eyes. Not only is the habit of "keeping up appearances" at an end, but the talk of it is at an end, and every man lives his own life, restrained only by the law, his individual conscience, and that eleventh French commandment "thou shalt not insult thy neighbor"—a commandment enforced with the sword. Self-assertion is carried to all its logical limits, and that right of eccentricity, for which Mr. Mill has pleaded, is the admitted law of life. If a man chooses to turn Trappist, his friends only smile or applaud, for that is his affair. If it suits

him to live in concubinage, that is between him and his conscience, always provided the eleventh commandment is sedulously observed. If a man likes to profess Ultramontaniam, that enslaving doctrine is rather a passport to good society. If he pretends to Atheism, that fruitless faith also may be uttered in every salon. Of course in the absence of social compression, there is a great appearance of vice, for whatever there is is seen, but it may be doubted whether, allowing for the national tendency to one particular vice, there is much more than in countries where society is still kept in bounds by the yoke of respectability. Undoubtedly there is, meanwhile, much greater social happiness, for each man lives his own life, instead of one dictated by his acquaintance, and if it is an eccentric one, why he adds one more to the class we have too long wanted in England—men who dare try experiments in new modes of living.

It is not, however, our object to discuss the merits or even analyze the prominent characteristics of the French society of the day. We wish rather to suggest whether the existing tendencies of English society, the change which seems to the middle-aged so marked and to the old so annoying, may not be in reality in this direction. Mr. Mill says we tend towards a stereotyped life, but are there not some indications that the new road may lead in the contrary direction, that English society is about to enter a phase in which life will assume endless varieties of form and color? It seems to us sometimes as if the strong and somewhat oppressive coherence of English society, that structural and pyramidal character which gives it at once its strength and its gloominess, were gradually passing away. The old uniformity of career is certainly on the wane. At least three new professions, literature, engineering, and "management," have come into existence within the last twenty years, and are only not legally recognized because they are too new for those fetters. The new walks of life are endless, and of the seven brothers who, in old days, would have been brought up for the army, the bar, or the church, one will now be an engineer, the second a practical miner, the third secretary to a company, the fourth manager of a joint-stock bank, the fifth living by his pen, the sixth a practical chemist, and the seventh

perhaps an emigrant, each choosing a recognized path, but still passing through one of the side-walks of life. Men's obligations, and paths, and professional systems have become so various that there is a liberty of action of which our fathers never dreamed. Men whose sons emigrate do not now consider them lost, nor are youths accounted fallen because they break away from the groove. Then, the chain of opinion grows sensibly lighter. Time was when a really eccentric opinion ensured social ostracism—when a lad of extreme views was avoided as a dangerous or troublesome character. We have not even now entirely surmounted that feeling. Many good men would not knowingly converse with an atheist—though they bear Comtists, Secularists, and Positivists singularly well—but that is almost the only proscription left. We cannot imagine the shade of "Red" feeling which society would not tolerate. Only the other day we heard a man doubting, in a company of somewhat grave signiors, whether, after all, justice did not require an agrarian law, and the argument was calmly received. Thirty years ago the man who ventured such an opinion would have been declared an incendiary, and believed to be an atheist. *Dissent* is still, we believe, looked on in the country districts as rather low, but a man may hold dissenting *opinions* without the slightest remark. Nobody is horrified if an arch-deacon doubts the expediency of the union of Church and State, or a clergyman writes in the *Union* recommending celibacy, or a colonel preaches Plymouth Brother ideas, or a Quaker becomes a leading orator in the House. We allude to religious opinions chiefly because it is on that subject that most exclusiveness remains, but there is on all points a growing tolerance which, whatever its other results, tends to permit men to live their own lives, and to abolish all recognized types and models. Manners, again, are becoming easier, and every change makes them easier still. All the old imperative ceremonies, except that of sitting a sermon out whether you are weary to death or not, are getting themselves abolished. The first article of the new code is that men should do as they like, provided they do not impair the general comfort. The Oxford man, perhaps usually the best representative of the new tone, is proud of consideration

and kindness, but he would resent interference, and quietly evades opposition. Even the bad old giant Respectability seems to be getting a little toothless. He has still tremendous power over the *nouveaux riches*, the men who want social success, and the mass who regard a consensus as equivalent to a demonstration. But the inclination to set him at defiance becomes daily more marked, and the number of men who live lives which the Upper Ten Thousand have not made laws for, is greatly upon the increase. "I prefer" such and such a course begins to be admitted as almost a sufficient reason, and a departure from ordinary rules elicits no stronger condemnation than "what a queer life to choose." A man with means of his own may be a *roné* now, and so he might two hundred years ago, but he may now also turn philanthropist, spend his time among ragged schools, or preach in the streets, or wander through Levantine monasteries, or devote himself to invention, or write as if he lived by his pen, or in short do almost anything without disturbing the patience of quiet citizens. Society is becoming pulverized, and each individual atom is gaining the right to move, or stay, as the wind may impel or spare it. Mr. Thackeray's Philip is always in hot water, but still this generation sympathizes with his arrogant refusal to yield to rank or to wealth, or to the necessity of getting his bread, or even to the law which enforces from all men common courtesy. Of course, with this tendency arrives its concomitant, frankness. Moralists say the young are worse than the men of their own day, but it is nearly certain they are only more frank. Some writers have made a great fuss of late about fast girls, who know all about Phryne, and imitate the cut of Aspasia's shawl, and they had we admit, certainly very much better do neither. But the "fast" girls of the day are innocent maidens compared with the respectable people under the Regency, who supped in the Pantheon with the most undisguised demireps in London, and knew by experience what Ranelagh and its "dark walk" were like. Freedom of conversation is objectionable, but it proceeds, in part at least, from just the same feeling as that which in an age of ultra-prudery enables philanthropic and modest women to speak out in newspapers on delicate themes with a

courage from which an elder and plain-spoken age would have shrunk. Frankness, the sure sign of liberty, is invading society, and though we may not like all its manifestations, still having its foundation in an honest desire for truth, in a wish to arrive at facts even though they involve ransacking the charnel-house, it can be in the end only healthy. Society is, we believe, in England as in France, gradually becoming "pulverized," and many among us view the process with the regret with which all men see destruction. All things, however, must rot before they can hope to revive in new

forms, and our care ought not to be to prevent the seed-pod from bursting, but to prepare the ground, so that in the fulness of time it may give us a rich renewal, with a crop that the rotting process has increased a hundred-fold. There will be plenty of time. It is not in this generation that the respect for rank, merely as such, is likely to disappear, or that men of every grade will cease to conciliate those they fancy above them by wasting their lives in mimicking a life which they do not enjoy, and obeying a coterie which, after all, tolerates without adopting them.

MALE AND FEMALE EGGS.—I have recently observed a statement in *Once a Week* of Dec. 29, 1860, treating of birds' eggs, and the singularity of the difference in the shape of those containing the male and female young ones, which I can confirm from many years' experience. I bred canaries regularly for several summers, and I had observed frequently to my fellow-amateurs in this amusing pastime that the eggs which were almost as broad at one end as at the other, invariably produced *hen* birds, whilst those tapering to a point as regularly produced *cocks*. I should like to offer an explanation, which appears to me to be the correct one, of such a curious fact, and I think that most naturalists will admit the probability of it. After watching the hatching of very many nests of birds (for most of my sitting hen-canaries were so tame I could push them on and off the nest at pleasure, without fear of their forsaking their charge), I observed that the broad, or tail part of the young bird was always at the broader part of the egg. Now, as it is well-known to all who study natural history that the hen bird is, and *must* of necessity be broader than the cock at the base of her body, owing, of course, to room for the "ovary" being required, would not that naturally suggest that the end of the egg containing such a bird *must* be broader where the broad part of the body is lodged, than in that containing a male bird, whose body *always* tapers to a point? After watching for six or seven summers all my young birds as they were hatched, and finding this rule always hold good, I can come to no other conclusion than that the above is a correct solution of a singular fact that has puzzled many observing lovers of ornithology. I should, however, be glad to be set right if I am in error. Nevertheless, the rule itself is so simple, so self-evident, and, in my experience, so *confirmed*, that I hardly imagine it likely to be the result of mere chance or a freak of nature.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

—*Once a Week*.

WHAT a pen is to be made of is still unsettled. The quill, the steel pen, and the hard-nibbed gold pen have their several advocates, and are largely used; but still every one complains that he is not suited: nothing that is good and cheap lasts. Various contrivances have been adopted for keeping steel and corrosion apart. Pens have been galvanized on Davy's plan for protecting the ship's copper, but not with good effect. Washes of all kinds have been applied; the latest we have seen being of gutta percha, with the very improper name of the *gutta-percha pen*. Glass has been tried, but has not come into use. A Correspondent informs us, that he strongly suspects that simple gold, without any hard nib, is the true material. When his nibs have come off, whether by wear or accident, he grinds the gold ends in an unskilful way into something like a practical form. He thus produces a rough pen, which is so durable that he thinks the manufacturers would do well to turn their attention to the imitation of a quill in gold. The metal is to be excessively thin, and our Correspondent suspects that the best imitation of a quill would require so little gold that a pen might be sold for a shilling. This pen, he thinks, would last for six months at least, even in the hands of a reviewer. At any rate, it is worth while to repeat from time to time the complaint that the world, in this prodigiously-puffed and loudly-lauded nineteenth century, is still without a pen.

A CONSUMING SHAME.—The Southerners have been burning all their tobacco, not to smoke it, but to destroy it. We suppose they would find some justification for this under Burns' *Justice*? However, it is the old story—the Torch of War always did its best as a fire-brand to prevent men enjoying their Pipe of Peace.—*Punch*.

From The Saturday Review.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.*

SEVERAL chapters of M. De Witt's volume had already been published in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* during the last four years. The whole of it was written before the outbreak of hostility between the Northern and Southern States of the American Union had cast even a coming shadow upon their immediate future; and the consistency of the work has been injured by no injudicious attempt to import any modifications of opinion which recent events may have suggested to the mind of the author. M. De Witt has filled up the outlines of Jefferson's character with the greatest care and skill, mainly from Jefferson's own words. Whoever wishes to maintain a belief that Jefferson was in any sense a hero, or even a man of any remarkable depth or strength whatever, must find the materials for such a creed elsewhere than in this memoir, and must be prepared to contradict the very clear and consistent representation of him constructed by his latest historian.

When men write epitaphs for their own tombstones, they do not always draw their own characters or epitomize their own histories as others would have done, nor even as they would have wished others to do, for them. The inscription composed by Jefferson for himself professes to rest his fame on the authorship of the American Declaration of Independence, the Statute of Religious Liberty passed by his means in the Virginian Assembly, and the foundation of the Virginian University. It looks well enough upon marble to have composed an historically celebrated State Paper, to have succeeded in separating Church and State, and to have founded a college for his fellow-citizens of Virginia. Yet the Secretary of State under Washington's government of the Union, and the third President of that Union—in office for a continuous term of eight years, at a time when the unformed habits of the nation might still be powerfully affected by individual character among its highest citizens—might have found opportunities for deserving a less meagre and less provincial record. If Jefferson, in drawing his epitaph, had unaffectedly thought these the only salient facts of his own biography, he must have felt his

* *Thomas Jefferson—Etude Historique sur la Democratie Americaine.* Par Cornelis De Witt. Paris: Didier et Cie.

Presidency to have been more barren of practical results than he owned. It was not in his nature to feel any such doubt of the value of his achievements; and it was only from an affectation of Roman modesty that he left the eulogium which he desired to be inscribed by other pens. There is no doubt that he conceived his main and best title to national gratitude to lie in his having decisively turned the current of American government into a more popular groove than had been contemplated or desired by the leaders who in fact achieved the independence of the American people. To be the father of American democracy, the popular watch-dog against any suspicion of a retrograde movement towards aristocratic or monarchical principles, the hero of the pacific constitutional revolution of 1801—such was the part which Jefferson really plumed himself upon filling during his life, and by which he wished to be remembered when dead.

Through his whole career Jefferson was instinctively an actor. His political character, as well as his general habit of mind, was marked by that easy shallowness which in some sense fits men to be successful actors all their lives long, if they are endowed with the requisite talents of adroitness and expression. He was naturally vain, and the development of this quality was cultivated by continually impressing upon himself and others the belief that an excess of modesty was the besetting and most unprofitable fault of Americans in general. In religious and philosophical, as well as in political, speculations, he was pettily anxious to assert an absolute superiority to the prejudices of the Old World. It was much more agreeable to his temperament to vent enthusiasm in declamatory assertions that man in a state of democratic nature was competent to solve rightly every problem of government or theology by his individual instinct—that society should be as free from obligatory laws as thought—that public opinion produced a greater result of morality and happiness in an Indian tribe than in a European community—than to grapple in earnest with the practical contradictions which in his time and ours beset liberty in America. In his confidential discussions upon political economy, he prided himself upon the boldness of his logic, heaped up

masses of the broadest socialist principles, and unflinchingly drew the most revolutionary conclusions. He was theoretically convinced that every national contract, law, or constitution, made by one generation, was not only voidable, but void, as against the generation succeeding. But he was too wise in his own generation ever to compromise himself in public as the champion of so subversive a theory, though he attempted to persuade others to ventilate it at their own risk, and held by it in private with lifelong tenacity. Throughout his political life he had the adroitness to reconcile the extreme views he held as a speculator on paper with the caution of a merely temporizing politician in action. His great opponent, Hamilton, weighed him with bitter, but acute, contempt, in speaking of him, at the time of his struggle for the Presidency, as a fanatical republican, an unscrupulous and dishonest plotter, and a miserable hypocrite, but too selfish and cowardly ever to risk unpopularity in defence of his theoretical principles.

The temporizing nature of Jefferson's policy upon the slave question is brought out by M. De Witt in the clear and full relief of its contradiction to the trenchant radical spirit in which he laid the axe to the root of the so-called aristocratic and ecclesiastical abuses of the Old Dominion. For the sake of destroying all vestiges of a resemblance to European society, he laid down the positive necessity of establishing all the essential rights of the people upon a legal basis at the first moment of their recognized independence, lest the honesty and strength of purpose of the new-born Union should be corrupted by self-interest or indolence before it had carried out its whole scheme for the regeneration of mankind. But though always ready to parade in private a prophecy that the evils of the slave question would become at once less tolerable and less easily curable the longer it remained open, he never dreamed of boldly facing the practical difficulty, or staking his own reputation on a victory over the evil principle. In 1778 he indulged a cheap and popular pseudo-philanthropy by carrying through the Virginian Legislature a bill to prohibit the importation of slaves. Thirty years later, Congress passed an equivalent measure for the whole territory of the Union. The pro-

tected negro produce of the slave-growing States continued to increase under the eyes of Jefferson, and the eventual dangers of that increase impressed themselves more and more forcibly on his mind. As early as 1784, Jefferson had pointed to the only chance of a peaceable solution of the problem by excluding slavery from all future States of the Union which might be formed in the West. Yet, at the date of the Missouri Compromise in 1821, he publicly advocated the policy of spreading the evil over the largest possible area, by way of diminishing its intensity and facilitating its future cure. In private he was perpetually washing his hands of the guiltiness of the institution; but he took every precaution in public to avoid falling under the suspicion of being more in earnest than his neighbors.

A similar inconsecutiveness, whether from shortness of political vision, from want of serious conviction, or from want of moral courage, characterized Jefferson's foreign policy. In face of the knowledge that Louisiana was on the point of falling from the hands of Spain into those of France by a secret treaty, Jefferson, as President, reduced at once the army, navy, and revenue of the Union, and then proceeded to ask for explanations from the First Consul in a hostile tone. The rupture of the Peace of Amiens was a stroke of good fortune upon which he had no right to count when he entered upon a diplomatic contest with Napoleon without material force at his back; but the unexpected and undeserved success of the negotiation by which Louisiana was given to the Union confirmed him in his misappreciation of the arguments to be used in the disputes of national rivals. The attempt to revenge upon Great Britain her arrogation of the right of search for deserters, by the embargo laid upon all the outward-bound commerce of the United States, was both puerile and suicidal. Yet it was the only measure Jefferson had left it within the power of his administration to undertake, by his determination to fall in with the popular cry for cheap government. When the embargo had been proved and recognized to be at once as futile towards the object for which it was intended, and as injurious to the American finances, as might have been anticipated, Jefferson washed his hands of his bad experiment of "Quaker

war" with the easy complacency of an unconcerned optimist. When the war of 1812 broke out, during the Presidency of his friend and successor Madison, the popular enthusiasm carried Jefferson's volatile feeling with the head of its stream, and drew him back as surely with its ebb. At times he appears to have become aware of the possible troublesomeness of an unrepressed democracy; but it is difficult to judge what weight is to be given to any particular one among the scattered and contradictory expressions of so loose a talker and thinker. His acts bore no surer reference to his convictions than his convictions did to his words.

M. De Witt glanced at one of the incidents of Jefferson's later life, which is a curious illustration of the versatility of men's opinions where their own interests are brought to bear on them. Jefferson had a natural turn for minute details and economical statistics, but he was almost as incapable as Pitt of keeping his affairs in order. In his eighty-third year he was in such embarrassment as to be obliged to sell his Virginian estate for the benefit of his creditors. He had formerly expressed the strongest moral disapprobation of lotteries, undertaken for however laudable an end. But to preserve himself from the loss which might arise from a forced sale, he applied to the Legislature for leave to dispose of his property by way of lottery. His petition was backed by a small treatise, enumerating his personal claims to the favor of the State, and purporting to prove that in this life, where everything is a matter of chance, the passion for gambling deserves encouragement and not reprobation, as being one of the most

powerful springs of human enterprise. To a man of deep convictions or strong feelings few sacrifices could have been so painful as the repudiation of his professed principles involved in the demand. To Jefferson the process appears to have been unaffectedly easy. His petition was granted. The publication of his misfortunes aroused a passing enthusiasm for the old chief of the republican party, which found vent in a subscription large enough to cause the scheme of a lottery to be dropped, but not large enough to pay his debts altogether. Before he had been dead six months, his possessions had passed from the family of the "father of American democracy."

The perusal of M. De Witt's volume leaves a very strong impression that Hamilton was the greatest politician among the men of the American Revolution. The whole tenor of his course was eminently conservative, and his political morality was more downright and sincere, as well as more far-sighted, than that of his republican adversaries. The miserable adventurer who assassinated Hamilton in a got-up quarrel was deservedly execrated even by the democrats whom he professed to serve. That section was already so strongly in the ascendant that it may be doubted whether the prolongation of Hamilton's life would have made any practical difference in the destiny of public affairs in the United States. But it would at least have carried further on the example so much needed, and so disastrously absent in the later history of America, of a courageous, clear-headed, and high-minded statesman, sustaining the burden of a conservative opposition.

STORY THE SCULPTOR.—Moritz Hartman writes to the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung* the following high praises of two statues by Mr. Story, found in the Roman department of the exhibition:—

"Do the Americans know that they have contributed more than the title of their fame to Rome at this Exhibition? It is true they have; and they are themselves to blame for what is a loss to them and a gain to Rome. The Roman government has a separate little building within the palace walls, and nowhere is found a greater crowd of visitors than before this little booth; it is as though indulgences were sold there. Even the Koh-i-noor, with its ocean of light, attracts

fewer people than the statues set up in the Roman department. But among these the truly splendid statues of the American, William Story, carry off the greatest applause—the Cleopatra and the Lybian Sybil.

"How do these and other American works come to be found in the Roman department, you ask? The affair is very simple: The American government declined to undertake the cost of transporting these works to London; the sculptors could not afford the expense themselves; the Papal government stepped forward, and, in the most liberal manner, offered to send to the London Exhibition, at its own cost, all the works in marble of artists living at Rome."

From The Examiner, 3 May.

A LABOR MARKET FOR FREE NEGROES.

WEST INDIAN proprietors may soon have an opportunity of regaining in a legitimate manner the prosperity which was shaken by the abolition of slavery, and which vanished on the repeal of the discriminating duties in favor of colonial sugar. They have long suffered from a deficiency in the supply of labor; but the state of the labor market within the tropics can scarcely fail to undergo considerable change in the course of the next year or two. In whatever way the civil war in America may end, it is evident that either with or without the sanction of the Federal authorities an immense number of negroes must be liberated. Even now as many as choose so to do can easily make their escape from the Border States, and a few months will probably show us that in the cotton kingdom itself they are not so perfectly content with their lot as enthusiastic Southerners declare. We do not expect much from the President's project of gradual emancipation, and we have no faith in the existence amongst Unionists of the slightest objection to the peculiar institution, but so long as the war goes on the Fugitive Slave Law is in abeyance, and fugitives will no doubt travel northward by thousands. What is to become of them on their arrival in the Free States? In the west every outlet is barred, for the American makes in the case of the negro an exception from the rule of free competition. The most ardent abolitionists, with scarcely an exception, desire only to banish him to the barbarism of Liberia, while the Free-soilers, who make laws for the Western States, and who fought so sturdily against the pro-slavery men in Kansas, will not allow him to settle among them on any terms.

In New York and New England a more liberal *régime* prevails, but even there the position of the negro is by no means enviable. The poorest class of European immigrants are his rivals in the struggle for subsistence, and he is subjected besides to an amount of contumely from which he would be comparatively exempt in the South. Moreover, in the event of there being a large influx of negroes into the North-Eastern States, it is probable that the lower class of Irish and Germans, who possess much po-

litical influence there, might exert themselves to send unscrupulous politicians to the local legislatures, pledged to introduce measures similar to those in force in the free-soil but negro-hating State of Illinois. Canada is, of course, open to all, whether black or white; and we believe that the little colony of fugitives settled in the Upper Province has hitherto been remarkably prosperous, considering the difficulties to be contended with.

The rigor of the climate is extremely trying to the constitution of the African race, and they compete at a disadvantage with the hardy laborers of Europe. In former days, when the hunted and worn-out runaway had been safely smuggled across Lake Erie, he met with much sympathy and assistance from his colored brethren; but the reception might be different if a large body of the liberated were to arrive. Nor is it desirable that they should colonize the Canadian provinces, as their presence is very much required elsewhere. In the British West Indian Islands production almost stands still, for want of the hands required to hoe the sugar-cane, and tend the crushing mill. Unfortunately for the planters, and also, as we believe, for themselves, the negroes are generally placed by circumstances above the necessity of working for a livelihood.

We do not blame them very much for their propensity to idleness; the white races would act in precisely the same manner were nature as bountiful to her children in the north as to those dwelling near the equator. In Jamaica, where every family, however poor, has possession of a piece of fertile garden ground which amply supplies its wants, there is absolutely no inducement to labor for hire oftener than one or two days a week. The yams and pumpkins grow nearly to his hand at the cabin door, and why should the free and independent African make himself uncomfortable? In one of our West Indian colonies only, so far as we are aware, are men really obliged to labor in order to avoid starvation. In Barbadoes every foot of soil is occupied and profitably cultivated, while its teeming population is constantly sending forth small parties of emigrants to the other islands. During the last twenty-seven years these have received

about 160,000 immigrants, chiefly natives of China and the East Indies, yet they still demand more. The Colonial Governments have been active in encouraging capitalists to undertake the work of Coolie importation, but the voyage is long and the expense is materially increased by the necessity of guaranteeing a return passage to the Orientals after their stipulated period of service is past. Good results have followed the system wherever it has been adopted, but it is impossible to carry it out except upon a very limited scale. To introduce free negroes from the United States would, it is evident, be comparatively an easy matter. The distance being comparatively trifling, two or three thousand of them could be carried to the colonies in less time than it takes to add a few hundred Coolies to the population, and as laborers the latter are confessedly inferior to the African. Were measures taken to acquaint the newly liberated slaves on the continent with the fact that their fellows in the neighboring tropical islands are unwilling to work for two shillings or even for four shillings a day, with "house rent free, garden, and medical at-

tendance," according to the report of her Majesty's Emigration Commissioners, there can be no doubt they would gladly hasten to so promising a field. At present considerable bounties are paid out of the colonial treasuries for the introduction of laborers capable of engaging in agriculture under a vertical sun, and if the amount payable on the arrival of American negroes were equal to that paid for East Indians (fifty dollars in British Guiana), planters would not long have reason to complain of the idleness and carelessness of the native population. Industry would soon become as general as in England, and there would be more hope of the negroes rising in the scale of intellectual beings when they found that to gain something more than the mere necessities of life it was imperative on them to work steadily and well. Moreover, the slave trade between Africa and the island of Cuba would receive a heavy blow if labor became suddenly cheap and plentiful in Trinidad and Guiana—colonies which have millions of acres of virgin soil capable, under favorable circumstances, of producing sugar for the whole world.

THE IRISHMAN IN IRELAND AND IN AMERICA.—The Irishman when he expatriates himself to one of those American States loses much of that affectionate, confiding, master-worshipping nature which makes him so good a fellow when at home. But he becomes more of a man. He assumes a dignity which he never has known before. He learns to regard his labor as his own property. That which he earns he takes without thanks, but he desires to take no more than he earns. To me personally he has perhaps become less pleasant than he was. But to himself—! It seems to me that such a man must feel himself half a god, if he has the power of comparing what he is with what he was.

It is right that all this should be acknowledged by us. When we speak of America and of her institutions we should remember that she has given to our increasing population rights and privileges which we could not give—which as an old country we probably can never give. That self-asserting, obtrusive independence which so often wounds us, is, if viewed aright, but an outward sign of those good things which a new country has produced for its people. Men and women do not beg in the States; they do not offend you with tattered rags; they do

not complain to Heaven of starvation; they do not crouch to the ground for halfpence. If poor, they are not abject in their poverty. They read and write. They walk like human beings made in God's form. They know that they are men and women, owing it to themselves and to the world that they should earn their bread by their labor, but feeling that when earned it is their own. If this be so—if it be acknowledged that it is so—should not such knowledge in itself be sufficient testimony of the success of the country and of her institutions?—*America, by Anthony Trollope.*

A LONG SIGHT.—Two sparks from London, while enjoying themselves among the heather in Argyleshire, last autumn, came upon a decent-looking shepherd, reading on the top of a hill. They accosted him by remarking, "You will have a very fine view here; you will see a great way." "Ou aye, ou aye, a ferry great way." "Ah! you will see America here?" "Farrer than that," said Donald. "Ah! how's that?" "Ou, just wait till the mist gangs awa, and you'll see the mune."

Part of an article in The National Review, Why are Women Redundant?

WHY ARE WOMEN REDUNDANT?

WITHOUT affecting an accuracy of detail which, where figures are concerned, is always ostentatious and usually perplexing, the law which determines the proportional numbers of the sexes may be thus succinctly stated: There are usually about 104 or 105 males born to every 100 females; but as mortality among males at all ages exceeds that of females, the number of the latter *actually living* is always greater than the number of the former. In countries where the natural proportion has not been materially disturbed by emigration, immigration, desolating or prolonged wars, or other artificial causes, the excess of females would appear to be about *two per cent.**

In Great Britain, to which we shall in future confine our attention, the actual excess is above *three per cent*, there being 103·3 females actually living for every 100 males, a proportion, however, which has unquestionably been enhanced by emigration. But, as in the earlier years of life, the proportion is in the other direction, the excess of *grown* women over *grown* men is much more than three per cent. Between the ages of twenty and sixty years, it is about five and a half per cent, and after that still larger; so that after twenty years of age we may state broadly that about 106 women are to be found for every 100 men. Now, if we are correct in assuming (as we believe we are) that in a thoroughly natural, sound, and satisfactory state of society all women, as a rule, above twenty years of age,—*except the redundant six per cent for whom equivalent men do not exist here*—would be married,† then the number (over six per cent)

* The following table is given in the supplement to the Report of the Statistical Congress which met at Paris, and may be regarded as approximately correct for five out of the seven cases:—

England (1851),	-	103·29	females to 100 males.
France,	"	101·08	" "
Turkey (1844),	-	101·62	" "
Austria (1840),	-	102·99	" "
Prussia (1849),	-	100·07	" "
Russia (1855),	-	101·60	" "
United States (1850),	-	95·02	" "

† This is apparently a perfectly legitimate assumption; since the number of women who will marry before their twentieth year may be set off against those who voluntarily defer their marriage altogether. Even in England, the country *par excellence* of late marriages, two and a half per

who are single may be taken as the measure of our departure from that healthy and prosperous condition. The proportion of women above twenty years of age, then, who *must and ought* to be single, being *six per cent*, the actual proportion who *are* single is *thirty per cent*. According to the Registrar-General, "Out of every 100 females of twenty years of age and upwards, fifty-seven are wives, thirteen are widows, and thirty are spinsters."*

To reduce *proportions* to actual numbers, and thus bring the facts more clearly before our readers' minds, we will quote another statement of the Registrar-General. There were in *England and Wales*, in 1851, 1,248,000 women in the prime of life, i.e. between the ages of twenty and forty years, who were unmarried, out of a total number of rather less than 3,000,000. According to our assumption there ought only to have been 150,000 (or five per cent) in that condition, which would leave 1,100,000 women in the best and most attractive period of life, who must be classed as unnaturally, if not all unintentionally, single.

Part of an article in The National Review upon The Grenvilles.

DISLIKE OF MR. CANNING.

WHAT was the secret of that dislike of Mr. Canning by which the leading men of all parties seem to have been actuated. Lord Grey, Lord Grenville, Lord Castlereagh, the Duke of Wellington, and Sir Robert Peel, at different times of their lives, all betrayed the same sentiment. But it can hardly have been Mr. Canning's opinions which led to this community of feeling; for in his political opinions he differed less widely from most of the above-mentioned statesmen than has commonly been supposed. During the latter part of his life, at all events, his views on foreign policy, on Roman Catholic Emancipation, and on Parliamentary Reform, were substantially the same as those of Lord Castlereagh, Lord Grenville, and Sir Robert Peel. Besides, wider differences of opinion than even those which are vulgarly supposed to have divided Canning

cent of the females between fifteen and twenty years of age are married.

* Population Return, 1851, vol. ii., p. clxv.

from his colleagues have existed ere now between statesmen without exciting personal animosity. Yet from the death of Mr. Pitt to 1827, there was not a single parliamentary crisis the central difficulty of which does not seem to have been Canning. There is truth unquestionably in the common notion that he was the victim of patrician exclusiveness. The great lords who from a Stowe, a Woburn, or a Chatsworth, directed the votes of their clients, and assumed a kind of royal state, loved not to meet the son of an actress upon a footing of equality, or more. The Duke of Wellington, who shared in these ideas himself, had grafted upon them a military impatience of *finesse*, and a suspicion of literary statesmen, which carried him even further than the oligarchs from sympathy with a man like Canning. Yet when we have made every allowance for the force of aristocratic prejudice, it seems difficult to believe that we have then got a sufficient explanation. Lord Liverpool, it is true, both loved and trusted Mr. Canning to the last day of his life; and he had, of course, a host of admirers among the young men and commoners in Parliament. But still there must have been, we think, some defect in his character—some want of taste, or want of tact, at all events, to create that hostility which was scarcely appeased over his grave. Mr. Canning, we should readily grant, was the legitimate successor of Mr. Pitt; but then he was not Mr. Pitt. Nor were the circumstances under which he aspired to the leadership of the Tory party at all like those which had cemented the authority of his great master. Mr. Pitt was the son of Lord Chatham; and he was the favorite of George III., when George III. was in full possession of that iron will before which the mightiest had bowed. These two facts alone, independently of his personal qualities, won him the respect of the great families. Presently came the French Revolution, and the great families were frightened. They sank their traditions for a time under an overpowering sense of pub-

lic danger. The Bentincks, the Fitzwilliams, the Mannors, and a goodly array of great houses, became the loyal servants of the Crown, and the warmest supporters of the minister. Before these sentiments had cooled Mr. Pitt died. Let us pass over a few years, and observe under what circumstances Mr. Canning made his bid for power. He had neither the prestige of an illustrious father, nor the support of a determined sovereign. As the dangers of Napoleonic aggression and "French principles" began to recede, the great body of the Whigs relapsed into their old ideas. Everything which had conspired to invigorate the Toryism of Pitt was wanting to his successor Mr. Canning; while the personal character of the latter, instead of being calculated to lessen the effect of this difference, was unhappily calculated to increase it. The cold pride, the austerity, and the simplicity of Pitt were exactly those qualities which disarm the resentment of aristocratic rivals. The gayety, the familiarity, nay the very elegance of Mr. Canning were exactly the qualities which provoke it. An aristocracy is apt to believe that it ought to have a monopoly of such gifts, and to stare at the display of them in others as a species of impertinence. Canning, we suspect, had not the tact to see this, or, if he had, was either too careless or too contemptuous to heed it. We might respect this independence in the man, but we think it was a fault in the minister. He who aspires to lead a great party, of which the chief supporters are his superiors in rank and station, must consult their foibles if he would retain their confidence. If he dislike such work, he had better not put his hand to it. If he does put his hand to it, and yet contemns the only means by which success can be achieved, he may leave behind a brilliant reputation; but he can only expect, while living, to encounter exactly that series of petty and depressing mortifications which ultimately wore out Mr. Canning.

From Chambers's Journal.

TIDE-CAUGHT.

On a fine May morning, not many years ago, I left the town of Ayr, on the west coast of Scotland, bent upon making a zoölogical examination of the half-tide rocks about four miles down the coast to the south of the town. Persons acquainted with the locality of which I speak will recollect that south of the town of Ayr, and overlooking the far-famed "Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," is Brown Carrick Hill, an eminence of no great height, but having for its western termination a series of steep weather and water worn cliffs, locally known by the name of the Heads of Ayr. These form a mighty sea-wall, against which the sea, when landward driven by a westerly gale, foams and chafes madly. At right angles to them, and trending seaward, are trap-dykes with softer rocks between. Upon these last the tide ebbs and flows, giving life to the curious animals which form interesting occupants of aquaria, and good subjects for physiological study.

In former seasons I had hunted on the same ground with considerable success; and setting out for the first day of the season, I felt all the novel feelings and sensations known to field-naturalists only thrilling within me. What a joy was mine, after having traversed the shingly beach near Greenan Castle, and the sandbanks that lie between it and the Heads, when once again I stood upon the sea-formed terrace of rocks, surrounded with glittering wrack and tangle, and rock-pools all astir with animal life! My coat and stockings were soon deposited upon a large block of stone that had fallen from the cliff, at whose base I was about to commence my pursuits. My boots—a pair of old ones—I kept on, to save my feet from the pointed rocks and shells, and to prevent my slipping on the seaweed. As the tide receded, I followed it seaward, working from pool to pool, and cranny to cranny, carefully, earnestly, enthusiastically, only raising my head at times to gain relief from the pressure in my forehead. It was coming near the turn of the tide, and I had got to a considerable distance from the shingly base of the cliffs and high water-mark, when I discovered, adhering to the rock in a darkened cranny, a beautiful pink daisy anemone, a kind rare upon the Ayr-

shire coast. To secure it carefully was my first impulse, and I stretched my arm into the fissure of tangled-draped rock to secure the prize. As I laid my shoulder to the rock, stretching in my arm, I experienced a slight jolt; at the same time my arm was compressed firmly, but not painfully, just above the wrist. Not feeling any alarm, I carefully manipulated the radiate animal-flower till it came off the rock into my hand. Then, as I endeavored to withdraw my arm and the coveted anemone, was my position made known to me: my arm was caught hard and fast. Move it to and from me a little, I could; move it round or withdraw it entirely, I could not. At first, I felt no alarm—my own strength being sufficient to move the stone a little, though I could not do it in such a way as to relieve my hand and arm; and I was also quite hopeful that some person would come along the beach to whom I could call, and from whom I would receive assistance. My being caught was simply enough to be accounted for. The large stone to which the anemone was clinging had been leaning slantingly on the rock in such a way as to cause the slightest impulse to it in a particular direction to make it fall more flatly—the necessary impulse I had accidentally given it. Try, reader, and imagine my position. Prostrate upon a sloping rock, dank and clammy with fronds of oar-weed and bladder-wrack; my right arm shoved underneath the boulder which had slipped down upon it; my head resting sideways on the same mass of rock, and my left arm at liberty. I tried first to raise the stone, but I had not purchase enough to enable me to do this in such a way as to permit me to relieve my hand. I wasted my strength in vain efforts to free myself. No one came along the beach to whom I could cry for help. Some boys I saw gathering shell-fish at the Deil's Dyke, but they were beyond call, and failed to understand the meaning of my wavings.

Presently, little bits of tangle and waifs, dried by the sun during ebb of tide, were lifted by the now advancing waves, and hurried up into the small water-worn bays of the rocks. I felt my feet turn cold as the water came up on them; and from these certain indications, became aware that the tide was flowing. Oh, the agony of the brief space of time which followed the dis-

covery of that fact! The most fearfully excruciating physical pain, I thought, would be more endurable than this horrid death creeping upon me. What had I done, that my life should thus be cut short just when the realities of existence seemed to be broadening more and more daily to my view, and my power to grapple and throw the forces opposed to humanity, civilization, religion, seemingly but attaining to its maturity? Was that some one moving on the beach? Yes; thank God! yes; and as the poor old whilk-gatherer, whom, from the peculiarity of my position, I had been unable to see sooner, approached the stone whereon were laid my coat and stockings, I cried aloud for help. She heard the cry evidently, and, in apparent amazement, looked all around where she stood, endeavoring to discover whence it proceeded. In the direction whence the sound proceeded, however, she was deceived. My shout, carried landward by the sea-breeze setting in with the tide now running fast, smote the bare cliff at whose base she stood, and fell thence upon her ear. All up and down the rock-face she looked attentively for a time, and hearing the sound coming down so clearly, she never cast a glance seaward, where, possibly, she might have caught a glimpse of my wide-awake frantically waved beckoningly in my left hand. After standing for a time, she raised her bag of shell-fish on her back, and deeming that the clothes were the property of the person shouting, the poor stupid old woman went on her way, and was soon beyond the reach of hearing.

Exhausted with shouting, I lay quiet for a time; but though my body was quiescent, my mind was not. I thought of those who had died at the stake in the times of the Covenanters in Scotland, and particularly of a young girl, Margaret Wilson, who had been so drowned on the coast of Galloway. My thoughts, too, fled homewards, and my imagination making the grief of my friends my own, increased the agony of my feelings. My mother, whom I loved so well, and by whom I was so beloved; the companions of my idle hours; and, above all, a dear one whose life I thought had already become a part of my existence. The water

was now all around me, rising, rising, and up the left side of my body, on which I was lying, to my armpit. My state of mind was painful in the extreme. To lie there, almost incapable of motion, and death stealing upon me inch by inch perceptibly, yet with the blood circling warm in my veins, my body in full health and strength, my consciousness complete, and my will capable of directing my exertions; God's blessed sunshine all around me, the cool sea-air fanning my temples, hill and dale stretching out before me in the beauty of spring. The arm beneath the stone was chilled with the rising brine, which had already drawn nearly all the sensation out of the lower part of my limbs. Could nothing be done? Once more I put forth my strength upon the retaining mass of rock, which, owing to its specific gravity being slightly reduced by the water, I managed to lift further than before; but I felt that to endeavor to withdraw my arm would be to get my hand crushed, and even more firmly detained than it was. Suddenly a gleam of hope, bright, strong, cheerful, and hailed with joy as great as the advent of the sun by the shipwrecked in an open boat at sea, shone into my heart. Where was my chipping hammer? Lying just beyond my reach on the flat rock. Oh, for something to reach it! My wide-awake flattened did so; and gladly did I clutch its ashen shaft. Again I put forth my strength upon the stone, and as I raised it with my right hand, I inserted the cleaving wedgelike part of the hammer head between it and the rock. Still my hand could not be got out. Another effort—steadily, sturdily, and quickly, for the water was now covering nearly the whole of my body diagonally, and would, if I failed, soon choke me. A little move—again a little move—again, again—I was free. Oh, the blessedness of that release! Had any one been near me, I should perhaps have fainted; but not till I had reached the narrow green slip of grass above high-water mark did I lie down, and allow my feelings to have vent. Ever since that day have I been particularly careful about putting my hand into narrow crannies of half-tide rock.

From The New York Evening Post.

AMERICA BEFORE EUROPE.*

COUNT DE GASPARI'S NEW WORK.

HAVING taken up Gasparin's *L'Amerique devant L'Europe* with high expectations, we have found them far exceeded by its merit. To an accurate acquaintance with the political situation of this country, the author adds a statesman-like sagacity, which events have most remarkably vindicated, and that earnest faith in principles which has ever signalized really great men. Or, let us say rather, that his earnest devotion to the principles of justice and freedom has led him to conclusions which, in the light of subsequent events, seem like prophecies.

In great crises, such as this, the statesman who is guided only by momentary expediency must falter and fail, or if he succeeds, it is by chance. Only by adherence to the cardinal rules of justice and morality, which are always the same, can a nation pass through such a struggle, escaping destruction and coming forth purified and strengthened. Only by adherence to those rules can neighboring nations avoid the greatest detriment to themselves and to humanity at large. To set forth the application of these plain unswerving principles of justice to the complicated relations between the United States and Europe in our present struggle for national existence and unity is the purpose of the Count de Gasparin in this work; and that purpose is so fully, ably, and earnestly accomplished that it leaves nothing to be said, and must carry instruction and conviction to every one who gives it a thoughtful reading.

The present work is the complement to "The Uprising of a Great People," which has become so extensively known and approved. It is divided into six parts. In the first are discussed the attitude of Europe and its causes, the acknowledgment of the South as "belligerent," and the questions relating to the blockade. The second part treats of England in particular, its public opinion, and the results of the *Trent* affair.

The third part is devoted to repelling certain notions prevalent in Europe, such as that slavery does not enter into question in this war, that the South had a right to secede, and that the Southern States are unconquerable, or if conquered can never be brought back into the Union. In the fourth part the author expresses his convictions concerning the policy of European powers, and particularly Spain, in their recent expeditions and intermeddling in St. Domingo and Mexico.

* *L'Amerique devant l'Europe, Principes et Intérêts* Par le Comte Agénor de Gasparin. Paris: Michael Lévy Frères. 1862. 8vo. pp. 553.

The fifth part is addressed to the people of the United States, and proposes a policy of emancipation singularly in accordance with that which is now shaping itself under the earnest and prudent statesmanship of the President and the inexorable urgency of the time. It comprises abolition in the District of Columbia, prohibition in the territories, and the offer of compensation to such States as shall initiate the abolishment of slavery within their own limits.

The last division of this able and friendly treatise consists of an appeal to American and European Christians setting forth and seeking to enforce their duties in this conjuncture, in sustaining by their sympathy and action the cause of freedom. But Gasparin's views can be better judged by quoting his own words:—

THE EUROPEAN SENTIMENT.

"It seems as if, at the thought of dividing the United States, Europe has leaped with joy. From the first she was possessed with this idea, and has not yet been willing to renounce it.

"The fact is that, from the beginning, both from a sort of instinct and by authority, we have decided this: that the separation is definitive, and the South will attain its object; two rival republics are henceforth inevitable. This opinion, so prevalent in Europe, of itself explains the incessant ill-feeling which, during an entire year, has existed between us and America. Viewed in this light, everything becomes clear, including even our obstinate refusal to believe in the moral character of the war, and our promptitude to admit the superiority of the South, our incredulity of the prospect of success or the resources of the North, our impatience of a war deemed by us useless, our injustice towards Mr. Lincoln's government, our readiness to recognize belligerents where there were only simple rebels, our willingness to change our position as friendly nations to neutral, and our disposition to seek in an incident like that of the *Trent*, or in the practical difficulties of the blockade, an occasion to terminate the crisis and officially recognize the South."

After further alluding to the sympathy felt in France, if not for the South, at least for the success of its plans, and asking how an audacious nation could, in this nineteenth century, dare to inscribe the word slavery on its banner, the author, admitting that Europe is practically ranging herself on the side of the slave merchants, continues:—

THE TRENT AFFAIR.

"But we will not, I hope, go to extremes; I hope it, above all, since the affair of the

Trent, which, in conducting us to the brink of the abyss, has forced us to fathom its depth. On finding herself so near firing her cannon in behalf of slavery, Europe could not help recoiling with consternation. She has perceived that behind this great desire for peace lurked terrible wars, and that in trying to put an end to the quarrel in the United States we should run the risk of inciting at present or preparing for the future, quarrels against nature—between the United States and ourselves. The dormant sympathies at last began to re-awaken, and Christians and Abolitionists deemed themselves on the road which would lead to the attainment. It was then that, after having all but reached the goal of victory, on the day of the arrest of Mason and Slidell, the partisans of the recognition of the South suddenly found themselves thrown far back from their desired object."

THE BELLIGERENTS' DECLARATION.

"It is not enough to describe and deplore our attitude. It is above all important to explain it. In reviewing the causes we shall have a chance of discovering the remedies. Whence comes the fact, so strange at first sight, that, while the United States were governed by slavery and for slavery, they were allowed to remain undisturbed; but, since they have begun to act against slavery—against the entire system of violence and conquest, and of attempts against humanity or public law—there has been concocted the hitherto unknown theory of belligerent insurgents?"

"The explanation is not difficult. From the beginning of the troubles Europe arrogated to herself a sort of benevolent patronage over divided America: she viewed them as minors—infants who needed to be directed by maturer minds. With this republic, with this danger-threatened confederation, we did not feel ourselves bound to observe the rules applicable to States which hold serious relations with another. We never thought of saying: 'Whatever be our opinion of the future chances of the revolt, it belongs alone to the American government to determine the course of conduct which it may deem proper to pursue; if it is wrong in resisting the separation, it alone must suffer the consequences, for, as far as we are concerned, it still continues the American government.' Far from that we have, without premeditation, and as if by instinct, established (under the impulse of the interests depending here and elsewhere in Europe on American affairs) the idea that this matter is ours too, and that we have a right to meddle with it (*que nous avons à nous en mêler*)."

FOREIGN INTERVENTION.

"But thanks be to God, the United States will not be destroyed. No one has the power to efface from the list of great nations this people, now passing through a crisis as painful as it is salutary, from which they will issue stronger, because better. Our South-sympathizing movements will not simply irritate the nation by a measure which wounds them in the most sensitive spot, but will introduce a principle resulting in a condition of perpetual antagonism.

"The policy recommended by the friends of the South is nothing less, we should remember, than Europe in America; for where do we not hear of some admixture of Europe in American discussions? I am not one of those who think that the Monroe doctrine will remain intact through the conflicts of the nineteenth century; I believe in the frequent intervention of Europe in America, and America in Europe, and in the admission of the United States into the councils of the great powers. I believe, finally, that the telegraph and steam have done away with artificial distinctions, and that it will be more and more difficult for the two continents to live apart. But I believe at this time—and this point will be further elaborated with the care it merits in another part of my book—that it will not result either in European supremacy in America, nor American supremacy in Europe. The parties interested are no longer undeveloped nations (*peuples mineurs*), and the pretensions of preponderance none of them will any longer tolerate."

THE DICTATIONS OF EUROPE.

"It is certain, as we have seen, that similar pretensions exist as the root of the policy which we are urged to act upon. The separation must take place! We have decided that you were not able to put an end to the rebellion! You shall fight no longer, or, at any rate, you shall fight only in this or that manner! Such is the language which is dictated to us, and thus do its friends seek to build an artificial foundation for a State which cannot maintain its individual life, and will always need the protection to which it owes its birth. The result would be, that European influence and almost domination would exist in the very heart of Southern America, and at the very gates of Washington.

"Friends of peace, you who are so anxious to stop the present conflict, who, if necessary, would trace around President Lincoln the circle of Popilius, by prohibiting him from maintaining the blockade and following out his advantages, have you taken into account the endless wars with which you would endow the future? Have you specu-

lated on the consequences of your enterprise? You imagine, perhaps, that you will destroy the United States? And if you do not destroy them, do you think they will live in peace a single day, while you have upon either side of their empire a Virginia and a Canada—with you governing the mouths of their two grand rivers at Quebec and at New Orleans?"

PRINCIPLE VERSUS INTEREST.

"Is it nothing, I ask, to weaken the few moral ideas which still exist amid our triumphant materialism? Indignation against slavery is one of these ideas; but the day when we clasped the hand of the Southerners, framed theories in favor of their revolt, trying to show that it had served, in its way, the cause of liberty, on that day our inward light grew paler, and something heavy and sad touched the heart of humanity.

"The occasions to prove and show the importance of a principle are rare. What a precious lesson for our entire generation, could it have seen Europe, spite of the temptations of policy and the demands of interest, determined to parley or treat in no way with those who dared to write upon their flags 'The sacredness and perpetuity of slavery!' By that single act we should have raised the moral standard of mankind. Yet such a victory would have had also its price.

"For it is not, as I know, great policy (*la grande politique*); but for us simple souls, who think that man lives not by bread alone, and that society also dies of hunger when the satisfaction of its most elevated needs is forgotten—for us the success of Europe in America would have been complete if she had manifested her natural sympathies for the good and her natural antipathy against the evil. The revolt proclaimed in the name of slavery would have known what it had to depend upon; it would have questioned itself whether, of itself, it could be able to conquer that achieved independence (*indépendance de fait*) which should precede and not follow official recognition. It is probable that reduced to these terms, the problem would have been early decided, and the war would have been of but short duration. In any event, the South would not have had the right to say: 'I hold Europe by cotton; it cannot help but walk straight. I predicted that it would vanquish her prejudices, and I have done it; that I would force her to take part for me, and she has done it.'

"In other terms, there is neither good nor evil—there is only interest; rest yourselves upon your interests and you will succeed, will even show (it is a refinement of our modern times) that in immolating your principles you have admirably served them.

God save us from having to imbibe such a lesson! We would use it only too much to our profit. There are, believe me, moral defeats which make their mark in the destiny of nations."

These passages do not follow each other consecutively in M. Gasparin's book; but we have selected them from different pages in the early portion of the work, as being characteristic of the general tone of the volume and of the high standard taken by the eloquent author, who, placing himself upon the righteous platform of principle, allows no baser interest to warp his views of truth and justice. There is an actual sublimity in his appeal to the moral sense of nations—in his earnest belief that peoples as well as individuals "do not live by bread alone," and that a national moral degradation is something even more dreadful than a lost battle or campaign.

M. Gasparin is a highly impartial writer. He possesses none of the vulgar French hatred of perfidious Albion, but, on the contrary, openly expresses his admiration of England and English institutions. Otherwise we might attribute to a national prejudice the fact that he heartily condemns the course of the British government in regard to the *Trent* affair—condemning it, too, in words of burning power.

THE REAL BELLIGERENT.

"We now look into the past for the day when the duel of two fractions of the Anglo-Saxon race was about to commence, when two free nations, two kinsmen, were about to destroy each other, to the great joy of their mutual enemies. We will not forget so soon that frightful month of December last. The vessel then crossing the ocean was no longer the peaceable *Mayflower*, which in the month of December, two and a half centuries before, arrived at the shores of America, with its Puritans flying before English persecution; it was the vessel bearing the ultimatum of England.

"And while it was plowing its way along, while our hearts were torn and our imagination affrighted by the prospect of the great moral and political disaster which was about to fall upon our generation, the influential journals of London took care to amply inform us of the character of the war which seemed to them to be so inevitable. It would be a terrible war! It would commence by the recognition of the South, by alliance with the South, by the certain triumph of the South.

"And while the report spread abroad that a despatch of Mr. Seward, written November 30, at the precise moment when the Britannic Cabinet signed its own, was of a

nature to give hope of a favorable solution, the *Morning Post* hastened to publish, in official terms and special type, the denial of this intelligence, which was all the time true. They considered as without importance the spontaneous disavowal of all thought of insult, the declaration announcing that Captain Wilkes had acted without instructions, and the expressed desire that the question should be treated on both sides in a conciliatory spirit.

"At that moment, deny it who can, there was with many of the English people a little of that eagerness which is manifested when one wishes to *seize* an opportunity. England, usually so slow, acted with an unheard-of haste. Never before have I seen a more striking commentary on the words of the apostle: 'Their feet make haste to shed blood.'"

But almost every chapter of this admirable work is susceptible of interesting quotation. Particularly interesting and convincing is the author's refutation of the *erreurs accréditées*—the received errors in Europe in regard to the causes of the war; and quite as remarkable is the chapter addressed to Christians—one of the noblest anti-slavery sermons ever penned. We are not accustomed to associate Frenchmen with piety; but Gasparin proves that religion and political philosophy can exist together even in a Gaul; and here is a noble recognition of the services of Christianity for the cause of liberty in ages past, and of the fact that it is also the hope of liberty in days to come:—

A CHRISTIAN ABOLITIONISM.

"Christianity," says M. de Tocqueville, "is a religion of free men; neither its detractors nor its false friends can take away from it this truly divine character." And besides abolitionism considered as a party there is an abolitionism far deeper—that which works within—the abolitionism of Jesus Christ. Open the books of an honest man like Tacitus, and compare the sentiments therein expressed with those which prevail to-day; measure the distance which exists between our times and those when slaves, tortured to death to answer questions concerning their masters, moved to pity no soul, however generous; compare, and you will soon acknowledge what the work of the Gospel is. To abolish the servitude of the negro the heart of the white must first be changed, and who could work that miracle excepting that One who died for both white and black, who opened wide the doors of the same paternal mansion to both the black and the white? Moral force will always be stronger than brutal.

"Mille prisons croulant à sa voix dans les flammes,
N'égaleront jamais, pour affranchir les âmes,
Une goutte de sang qui tombe d'une croix."

It should be remembered that in France the word "abolitionism" has not been spattered with the low abuse it has received here, and therefore does not arouse any feeling of prejudice; so some of the phrases in this extract, which read almost irreverential in our language, are not so in the original.

THE PERORATION.

Nobly does Gasparin bring his book to a close by words of hope and encouragement to us, and words which must have their effect abroad. Written in the purest and most eloquent French, a translation seems but a dilution. Yet even this is worth reading, and will cause many an American to feel a warmer glow of regard and affection for the noble foreigner who devotes his matured talents to an impartial, logical, and eloquent defence of the right as it exists in the great American contest.

"The entire world, I have just said, is engaged in the debate. This people, who are elevating themselves, elevate us also; this spectacle of suffering nobly accepted will do us good too; we feel that one of those storms which purify the atmosphere is at this moment passing over our globe.

"Those on whom it falls must suffer: but after the tempest will come light skies, and, like that fleet which the hurricane dispersed, and which afterwards was reunited unharmed in the tranquil waters of Port Royal, America will seem, perhaps, about to succumb to the fury of the wind, but only until she attains her great goal—and this goal is peace.

"With the suppression of this frightful sin which gnaws its vitals, the United States will not then deem the material sacrifices disproportioned to the progress accomplished. Acquired even at that price, the abolition of slavery will not be too dearly purchased.

"And then, when all is past, there will be a second creation of the United States. It will be carried on by the American method, by the policy of Washington, by that of the war of 1812, by that which was sown in dishonor and was raised in glory.

"No! the sixteenth President of the United States will not be her last; No! the eighty-fifth year of this nation will not see her death; her flag will come forth from the battle pierced with cannon shot, blackened with powder, but more glorious than ever, and without having dropped in her struggles a single one of her four-and-thirty stars!"